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THE TYRANNY OF SALISBURY.

A PERSON of the name of LOUGH, apparently attached in some capacity to a party of Gladstonian tourists, who have recently been inspecting the West of Ireland to establish foregone conclusions, has during this week written a letter to a Gladstonian newspaper describing his experiences. Mr. LOUGH's capacity for the task of observing, and his acquaintance with Irish habits and history, as well as with the habits and history of Celtic peoples generally, may be judged from his remark that "the people keep their cattle in one end of the miserable cabin in which they live, *because if they built a separate house it, a year would be added to their rent.*" But Mr. LOUGH's acute perceptions of cause and effect are not displayed by this alone; though any one acquainted with the facts may wonder why he has not also discovered that the Irish people smoke short pipes because their landlord would add 1*l.* per inch to their rent if they used long ones. He met near Westport a procession of cars carrying policemen who (we are glad to see) were numerous and well armed. Mr. LOUGH informs the world offhand that there was not the semblance of a cause for this "except the tyranny of SALISBURY." The good man probably does not know the real meaning of the word semblance, or he would hardly have used it. To Mr. LOUGH there may have been no semblance, of course; to those somewhat better furnished with brains and information, it need hardly be said, there was plenty of reality. But Mr. LOUGH had his mind ready filled with the tyranny of SALISBURY, and the tyranny of SALISBURY was the sole cause—material, formal, efficient, and final—that he could see.

The particular contents of such a letter as this are, however, less important than the general revelation it gives of the state of mind on which Mr. GLADSTONE and his party hope to work in order to bring about a reversal of the decision of last year and the handing over of Ireland to the tender mercies of Captain Moonlight. It is a bold enterprise, no doubt, and its success depends entirely on the number of Mr. THOMAS LOUGHS who may be found in England and Scotland. Otherwise it would hardly be necessary for Unionists to do anything more than point to the doings of those against whom the tyranny of SALISBURY is directed. The Mitchelstown inquest and its appendages, the inquiry into WHELAHAN's murder, the proceedings against Mr. O'BRIEN, the incitements to outrage on police and bailiffs throughout the length and breadth of Ireland—almost any one of these by itself, and certainly all of them put together, ought to be enough to convince any one by a rough and ready yet sufficient process on which side justice lies. It may be perfectly true that a good cause cannot help being sometimes defended by bad advocates. But the particular kind of advocacy which is being employed on the side of Repeal is of that special kind which no bad advocate would use unless he had no better. Examine, for instance, the baseless fable of which Mr. O'BRIEN and the *Freeman's Journal* made themselves at best the mouthpieces in the matter of the supposed telegram to Mr. CARSON. It was not only not true, but it could not have been true unless a person who is acknowledged by his bitterest foes to be one of the hardest-headed men in Ireland had been an utter fool. Those who concocted it, whoever they were, knew it, of course, to be false, but they also knew that, if they could get the concoction published, it would be believed by the Mr. LOUGHS, Irish and English,

and that was enough. Take, again, the continued and aggravated misconduct of Mr. HARRINGTON at Mitchelstown. This procedure—the procedure, as it were, of a costermonger or bargee suddenly promoted to the wig and to what he can comprehend of the arts of Mr. CHAFFANBRASS—never could be used for one moment by any man of some intelligence (and Mr. HARRINGTON is not believed to be a fool) unless it was his only resource. Encouraged by the Coroner and the jury, it has paid to some extent—that is to say, though it has not in the least discredited the action of the Government, it has in one instance brought out a little of that unlucky desire to clear oneself at another's expense which exists in all but the most heroic of men, and which can generally be played on by a sufficiently unscrupulous combination of bluster and blarney in counsel. Yet Mr. HARRINGTON has practically given away his case, not merely in Unionist eyes, but in the eyes of any shrewd and impartial judge, by the means he has used to further it. Every man of the world knows that, unless Mr. HARRINGTON knew himself to be attacking the innocent, even he would never have attacked in such a way; and every one can judge what would be the fate of Ireland under a Government of HARRINGTONS. Then turn from Tipperary to Clare. Mr. MURPHY, M.P. (in a letter more decent in language than is usual with the set of persons to whom he belongs) has striven hard to make out that the assault on SEXTON's house was due to *agents provocateurs*. His argument is exceedingly weak; but, suppose it to be strong, what then? Would not any one in his senses see that *agents provocateurs*, though they may egg on, cannot create? What would be the answer of any decent peasant to an agent who requested him to visit another man's house by night and murder him? The elegant reply which, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, was common in HENRY's holy shade some sixty or seventy years ago would certainly be the mildest form of refusal. Preposterous and unsupported as this contention of Mr. MURPHY and his friends is, it is most preposterous in the eyes of every one but the Mr. LOUGHS of this world, because of the utterly damaging inference from it. A fig does not bring forth thistles; and you can only provoke into Moonlighting persons who have already something more than a decided predisposition to moonlight.

It would be easy, of course, to multiply instances, or rather the simplest thing is to refer any person of tolerable brains to the Irish intelligence of any newspaper—a Gladstonian one if he likes, the *Freeman's Journal* itself if he likes—of almost any day. Let him read the remarks of Mr. COX, M.P., or of Mr. STEPHEN O'MARA on the murder of WHELAHAN, or Mr. CONYBEARE on the formal intimation made to Mr. COX in consequence of that speech by Captain WELCH. Let him read how parish priests laugh joyfully while boiling water and heavy stones are being thrown by defaulting debtors on the officers of the law. Even the regrettable escape of Mr. SULLIVAN on a technicality is chiefly noteworthy for the defiant mummery for which it was made the occasion. Only one conclusion is possible, and that is that the Government of England has to put down a reckless and practically, as Mr. BRIGHT says, rebel conspiracy. And this conclusion, it may be added, is supported strongly by the acts and words of the most distinguished English Gladstonians. The chief English Gladstonian print has to resort to the petulant silliness of accusing Lord SALISBURY of "running away to France," and to assertions about Mr. BALFOUR's "confessions" which require still stronger language. Lord ROSEBERY gives an



account of the present state of affairs which is as like the facts as a face reflected on the bowl of a spoon is like the original. Mr. MORLEY, challenged by those who desire to "hear some argument," replies not by giving it, but by saying that the people of Newcastle know all the arguments already—a reply which Professor FREDERICK POLLOCK mercifully omitted from consideration in his weighty letter of last Tuesday. Mr. GLADSTONE, bringing Irish affairs for once literally and properly on the carpet, contents himself with the stale and empty device of protesting his willingness to let anybody grant that Home Rule which "must" come, but as carefully as ever abstains from giving a single reason why it should or ought to come, and shows that even his abnormal fertility of resource is nearly at the bottom of the sack by most unkindly seizing Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's one ewe lamb of dialectics, the abuse of Mr. GOSCHEN. Put these facts before any competent person in the civilized world, and he will draw only one conclusion—not perhaps that the Gladstonian cause is desperate, but that it is desperate unless it succeeds in appealing to mere ignorance and mere stupidity. Accordingly, it so appeals; and there is (as considering the constitution of human nature might be expected) something like an answer to the appeal. Mr. CONYBEARE pronounces a formal, a courteous, and a humane warning by a magistrate to be "an infamy"; Mr. LOUGH, seeing police in the most disturbed province of Ireland, and knowing nothing whatever of the matter, declaims against "the tyranny of SALISBURY." Truly Mr. GLADSTONE still has an ally to count upon; the great goddess Stupidity, against whom it has often been said, let us hope falsely, that all the other gods and goddesses fight in vain.

THE TEMPLECOMBE LUNCH.

IT is not worth while to inquire whether ten thousand or fifteen thousand persons profited by Lord WOLVERTON's hospitality at Templecombe. Railway passes and luncheon tickets are not at present illegal, if they only purchase attendance at mob meetings while no Parliamentary election is pending. That the practice is equally corrupt on other occasions cannot be disputed; but there are worse crimes than bribery and treating, even on a magnificent scale. Some unwise Conservatives have now and then set the example which has now been bettered by Lord WOLVERTON. In neither case can the host have felt a profound respect for his ready guests. The expenditure of vast sums in the encouragement of revolution and disorder is not without ancient or modern precedents. CRASSUS was almost equally famous as a demagogue and as a possessor of the enormous wealth which procured him a place in the Triumvirate. Long after his time the brewer SANTERRE and the renegade head of the House of ORLEANS contributed on a large scale to the expenses of the French Revolution. Wealthy promoters of anarchy are sometimes sincere fanatics. In other cases it is thought possible to buy off the forces of which rich men may fear that they will be the victims. It is but courteous to assume that Lord WOLVERTON believes himself to be influenced by patriotic motives; but he is known to be one of the narrowest and bitterest of political partisans. Thirteen years have passed since he rendered his party the service of persuading Mr. GLADSTONE to dissolve a Parliament in which he was still supported by a majority. Six years' consequent exclusion of the Liberals from office illustrated the sagacity of their chief Parliamentary adviser. If profuse expenditure can now bring back to them the power which they have forfeited, there is no need to fear that money will be wanting. In Dorsetshire, at least, and the adjacent counties large audiences can, as it appears, be hired to hear the eloquence of the Separatist leaders. Mr. MORLEY may perhaps have been amused by the methods which had been employed to propagate a disinterested enthusiasm for Home Rule.

If opinions are weighed, and not only counted, the judgment of the eight South-Western Parliamentary divisions is scarcely on the side of Mr. GLADSTONE and his party paymaster. Both Lord WOLVERTON and Mr. MORLEY noticed the absence of those whom they described as local magnates. They might apparently have extended the statement to the gentry and the upper middle classes of the eight Parliamentary divisions; nor is there any reason to suppose that the voters of the South-Western counties and boroughs have been converted since the general election. Four members of Parliament, of whom two only represented any

of the eight constituencies, are mentioned in the report as having seats on the platform. Of these Mr. PORTMAN may fairly be called a local magnate. It is not a little surprising that he should take such an occasion to exhibit his devotion to Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. FULLER sits for a division of Somersetshire. The other members on the platform were Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE, who represents a division of Sheffield, and Mr. PIERCE MAHONEY, who is member for the county of Meath. It may be assumed that the representatives of Wilts, Somerset, and Dorset would have joined the Separatist gathering if they had shared Mr. MORLEY's opinions, and if their attendance had been likely to gratify their constituents. It is not a little remarkable that the assemblage was constituted almost exclusively of those who might well be excused for welcoming the opportunity of a gratuitous outing and a treat. It was, according to Mr. MORLEY, by far the largest and most impressive demonstration that he had ever seen in any part of Great Britain. He has now apparently learned for the first time that cakes and ale add largely to the attractions of political virtue. The statistics of public meetings are generally uninteresting to those who profess no belief in the infallibility of multitudes; but the failure of Lord WOLVERTON's appeal to local prejudice deserves attention at a time when the Opposition orators insist on counting and re-counting the heads of their adherents.

Mr. MORLEY must have thought of one eminent politician when he announced, with an exaggeration to which he is not accustomed, that large numbers of rats were leaving the sinking ship of Unionism. The proselytes, if any, can scarcely be pleased with the welcome which is offered by their new leaders; but the conversions of which Mr. MORLEY boasts are almost wholly imaginary. It is evident that there are no conspicuous converts in the counties which shared the *panem* and *circenses*, the merry-go-rounds and the sandwiches of Templecombe. It is true that politicians of the higher ranks are not likely to indulge in the pleasures of swings and shooting-galleries; but, if there had been repentant seceders from Mr. GLADSTONE's cause, they would scarcely have had the courage to refuse Lord WOLVERTON's invitation. It is true that they might have found it difficult to explain their supposed change of opinion. Mr. MORLEY might have been expected to provide them with a more plausible cause than the strange assertion that Mr. GLADSTONE has made modifications in his Home Rule scheme, and that "to those modifications in the Home Rule Bill every one of his colleagues, I believe, most cordially assents." There may, of course, be a quasi-Cabinet secret which Mr. MORLEY is not at liberty to divulge. The cordial assent of Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues has certainly not been given to any modifications which are known to the world at large. Indeed, Mr. GLADSTONE himself, when he has been anxious to advertise his pliability, has referred exclusively to the presence or absence of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament. He stated at Swansea that he was willing to receive representations on the subject, and he has since steadily refused to give any further information. The possible concession had its reward in the sudden return of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN to the Gladstonian fold. Mr. MORLEY, as his speech at Newcastle showed, can by no means have cordially assented to the modification which, even when it was not distinctly promised, satisfied Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's scruples. It is scarcely worthy of Mr. MORLEY's usual candour first to declare that Mr. GLADSTONE's mysterious plan is before the country, and then to ask why Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not produced a rival scheme. Mr. MORLEY's disinclination to discuss the hackneyed topic of Home Rule will command more general sympathy from his party. It is undoubtedly true that the subject has been worn threadbare; but the opponents of Home Rule have proved again and again that no possible measure can be devised to which there are not conclusive objections. The reasons for and against the retention of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament almost equally amount to demonstration. A measure which involves one of two alternative anomalies is already condemned.

Having disposed by a daring paradox of the embarrassing question of Home Rule, Mr. MORLEY devoted the remainder of his speech to a controversial attack on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and to a denunciation of the policy of the Government in putting the Crimes Act into operation. It may be doubted, notwithstanding the ability of the speaker, whether either part of his address was as acceptable to the audience as the more convivial part of the entertainment. The interest which may be felt in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's con-

sistency is not inexhaustible, and sympathy would be wasted on a sufferer from unjust criticism who is so well able to defend himself, and to retaliate on his censors. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thinks it worth while to answer Mr. MORLEY he will easily find an opportunity. The charge that an opponent of Home Rule necessarily wishes to keep the present Government in office admits of a ready answer. It would be more reasonable to blame Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for votes which, if he had been in a majority, might have tended to restore Mr. GLADSTONE to office. The issues between the rebels against law and the Irish Government are more serious than any debate on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S opinions and conduct. Mr. MORLEY admits that Mr. O'BRIEN probably broke the law, but he holds that the Government ought, as a matter of policy, to have allowed him to escape with impunity. He also finds matter for ridicule in the hole-and-corner meetings which were held in defiance of the law. Whether justice and right will triumph in the present struggle is still uncertain; but, after the lengthened contest on the Crimes Bill, and the division on the Proclamation of the National League, the Government would have grossly neglected its duty if it had made no use of the powers with which it was entrusted by Parliament. Mr. MORLEY is incapable of descending to the level of the obscure male and female agitators who are now endeavouring to promote the cause of sedition in Ireland; but his denunciation of the Ministers for their performance of a plain and painful duty tends to produce a similar effect. The contagion of lawlessness had already spread to England; and, if anarchy finally succeeds in Ireland, such episodes as the Lillie Bridge riot will be cast into oblivion by the prevalence of graver disorders. The arch-demagogue already assumes the power of hearing appeals from legal tribunals. His latest missive, though it relates to a trifling matter, is perhaps the most audacious which he has yet issued. A workman named LYONS, who thought himself aggrieved by the conduct of two policemen, applied for redress to a police magistrate, who, after hearing his complaint, told him that the constables had not exceeded their duty. Some busybody then sent to Mr. GLADSTONE his own version of the case, and received an answer in which the story is mentioned as the "astonishing case of Mr. LYONS." Insolent contempt for law and liberty might be carried further, but it could hardly be more insolent.

LITERARY CONFESSIONS.

BY a slight change of the old method, editors have begun to ask people in general to interview themselves. Instead of sending a young man with a notebook to the victim, the victim is requested to "Stand," or rather sit down, "and deliver" an account of himself in writing. This plan has many obvious advantages; and it has been adopted by the editor of the *British Weekly*. That enterprising journal costs you a penny, and "is an attempt to supply in a religious paper the freshness, vivacity, ability, and energy of the New Journalism." The New Jerusalem seems more in the way of a Religious print. An old-fashioned observer might expect this combination to result in a rather rowdy kind of religion, a journal of the chapel and the world, with perhaps a dash of the world's usual partners. However this may be, the periodical has put forth an "extra," containing the literary confessions of many men, more or less distinguished, more or less enviably. The title-page promises us Mr. GLADSTONE, but that author, with noble frankness, writes his account of "Books that have influenced him" only on a postcard. "It is understood that Mr. GLADSTONE is accustomed to cite ARISTOTLE, ST. AUGUSTINE, DANTE, and Bishop BUTLER as the four authors by whom he believes himself to have been most influenced. (W. E. G. June 25, '87.)"

This, at least, is our reading of certain hieroglyphics which we take for a facsimile of a post-card by Mr. GLADSTONE. We may be mistaken, or we may have misinterpreted the text. If our *confitetur* is correct, how interesting it is to mark the manner of Mr. GLADSTONE'S confession! It certainly does not commit him to anything. Practice makes perfect.

The habit of asking people what books have influenced them is not confined to England. In America the *Forum* (a monthly Review) publishes a set of articles by hands more or less eminent, styled "Books that have helped me." "Books I have helped myself to" would be a capital text

for some bibliophiles, and the articles, if honestly written, would be pleasant reading. It is not so easy to make much of "Books that have helped me." All educated men have been helped by the same books, and their confessions, if truthful, would repeat each other. On the other hand, if the penitent confesses to a love of out-of-the-way or unheard-of books, he runs the risk of being deemed a pedant or a prig. Still, the only way to make these precious unbosomings really characteristic (except in style) would be to "bar" the Bible, SHAKESPEARE, HOMER, and all the classics in general. Educated men have read or should have read them, and there is little variety in their experience till we come to a student's intimate books, the rare out-of-the-way books that have just suited him. OMAR KHAYYAM was one of those books for a while, now he is immensely popular, like the Rev. E. P. ROE. Most scholars have their favourites, which they do not invite the world to share with them.

Among the penitents of the *British Weekly* Mr. R. L. STEVENSON is perhaps the most interesting. He is not really a fond student, as has been surmised, of DIONYSIUS of Halicarnassus, rather of DUMAS. Oddly enough, he likes, or liked, WALT WHITMAN, who "blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion." What were Mr. STEVENSON'S "genteel illusions"? He does not tell us, and it is impossible to guess. He "should be much of a hound if he lost his gratitude to HERBERT SPENCER." In Mr. SPENCER'S glowing page (Mr. SPENCER will be pleased to learn) Mr. STEVENSON finds "a spirit of highly abstract joy, plucked naked like an algebraic symbol" (or like the parrot that had been having such a terrible time), "but still joyful." One has heard of a person who was "less like a spirit of joy than a bear with a sore head," and a spirit of joy plucked naked might be excused for displaying a certain moroseness. Mr. STEVENSON'S other books are all good books, at least those who have read the *Egoist* say it is good, and there is no doubt about ST. MATTHEW, MARTIAL, MARCUS AURELIUS, and MONTAIGNE.

Some of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S most assiduous critics will be surprised to hear that he is not a reading man. To make up for this, he introduces a reminiscence, a terrific combat for three. When he was eight or nine, he "hid beneath a bed with *Robinson Crusoe*," and a strong hostile force, consisting of a governess and another lady, tried to dislodge the youthful student, and capture his DEFOE. But "then began a murder grim and great," for the discoverer of Kôr clung to the legs of the bed, and kicked so mightily, that the enemy withdrew in disorder. He also revelled in EDGAR POE'S poems and in the *Arabian Nights* and the *Three Musketeers*, and enjoys more than most poetry the Book of Ecclesiastes.

Mr. PHILIP HAMERTON has been greatly "influenced" by a passage from an old number of the *Saturday Review*, which proves that he is a friend of the best literature. He "finds it hard work to read DICKENS"—would there were no harder work in this weary world! BALZAC he cannot read "for pleasure," and GEORGE ELIOT is rather an arduous study to Mr. HAMERTON. SCOTT and THACKERAY are his men. From PLATO Mr. HAMERTON appears to think he learned little, except "how active the Greek mind was." On the whole, a literary conversation with Mr. HAMERTON would be full of surprises, and "the rough workmanship" in SHAKESPEARE puts me out, and sometimes quite repels "me." Archdeacon FARRAR does not mention the *Daily Telegraph* among his fondest literary loves, which seems ungrateful. We are not surprised that he "cannot trace any particular effect produced on his mind by the study of the Odes of PINDAR." Most men over fifty seem to think they owe a great deal to the prose writings of COLERIDGE. Probably few men under forty could say the same. The Rev. W. C. SMITH has lost his original edition of *Bells and Pomegranates*, and the Rev. MARCUS DODS talks of "the pollution of a part of life by the elaborate literary machinery of that cuttle-fish, STERNE." The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER can often pray with a good deal of liberty after reading CARLYLE. He hastens to the older authors to cool himself, after reading unkind remarks about Mr. GLADSTONE. To what older authors? POLLOCK'S *Course of Time* perhaps. Dr. PARKER does not "now exalt POLLOCK to an equality with MILTON"—which is lucky for MILTON—but doubtless he finds POLLOCK cooling. PARKER plashing about in POLLOCK is a pleasant mental picture.

BOYCOTTING AT BOLTON.

THE dispute between the ironmasters and their men at Bolton is no new thing. It appears that the masters think they cannot go on paying the old rate of wages, and that the men are unwilling to take less. They have submitted to a reduction of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but it was much against the grain. At the first convenient opportunity they re-opened the question. The actual pretext was the meaning of the phrase overtime, which the masters wished to interpret in the largest, and the men in the narrowest, sense. They fell out, and a strike followed. After that there was nothing for it but to fight the matter out. As long as the struggle was peacefully conducted there was no more to be said about it than about other trade disputes. The workman has a perfect right to get whatever the market will give him for what he has to sell, and the master has as good right to say what he will give. If they cannot agree as to the price of the commodity there is nothing for it but that the workman should go one way and the master another, and see which will tire first. Much may be said, no doubt, as to the wisdom and moral worth of either side. Workmen seem to think it a law of nature that their wages should never fall, and masters are equally convinced that large fortunes, diamonds for their wives, pictures from AGNEW'S, and other luxuries ought to belong to them by the fitness of things. There probably has never been in this world a body of men endowed with a more stolidly insolent conviction that the universe belongs to them than the moneyed English men of business of one type, particularly those of the North. If the workmen can defend themselves, and secure better wages by peaceful combination, they would be perfectly in the right. Nobody, not a manufacturer, is of any other opinion, and most of the masters would not think of denying it in theory.

But the Bolton strike has been carried by the men very far beyond the limits of a peaceful dispute. They have tried what they can do by terrorism. The masters, in legitimate self-defence, have sought for workmen out of Bolton, and have found them. We know no reason why the workman who has quarrelled with his bread and butter is entitled to more consideration than the man who has none, and who is willing to work for what he can get. The outsiders who have been glad to come to Bolton and take the wages offered are Englishmen, and workmen too, and presumably have a right to do whatever they think right, provided it is lawful, and it is not maintained that contentment with low wages instead of none is illegal. But the Bolton strike has ended in a determined attempt of the local workmen to keep rivals out by the purest terrorism. The "member of the Iron Trades Employers' Association" who has been writing to the *Times* may be prejudiced in favour of his own side. As we have no reason to suppose that he is an archangel we are prepared to believe he is; but the facts he reports and the letters he quotes are not to be lightly dismissed. From his evidence it appears that the Bolton men have engaged in pure and simple bullying. They mob "foreign" workmen, as they call them—that is, men from the distant and un-English shores of Manchester. They wait outside the stations. They throw stones, and even follow the intrusive workmen back to other towns. As Bolton is not in Ireland and the manufacturers are not Irish landlords they are making a fight for themselves. Manufactories are turned into fortresses, and the "knobsticks" hold them as a garrison. The police can just manage to keep the peace between the two parties. A letter quoted by the *Times* Correspondent shows that even in Manchester the agents of the Bolton strikers are carrying on their system of bullying. It is just such a warning as has been written often enough in Ireland of late years, sent from Manchester by the wife of a workman to her husband at Bolton, begging him not to come home because he will be attacked if he does. Ruffianism of this kind is not altogether new in strikes, but it is somewhat of a novelty to find tradesmen taking the lawless side as they are doing at Bolton. The advertisements quoted by the *Times* Correspondents might be useful to anybody in search of an illustration to the phrase "the tradesman meek and"—the rest of the quotation. One shopkeeper after another writes to the press to explain that he never sold anything to the knobsticks, or that, if they did get food at the establishment, it was because "my wife, through her great ignorance, did it while I was away enjoying my holiday at the 'Isle of Man.'" There is a great deal of the old Adam left in

Bolton apparently; but we do hope that "JOHN CUDDY" ["PHÆBUS, what a name!], wholesale greengrocer," who made this noble excuse, he and others, will hear of it at home. Shopkeepers are not usually so particular as to the character of paying customers, and it may be taken for granted that they have been vehemently threatened with broken windows or worse before they began to have these scruples. Some of the advertisements probably deserve the name in every sense, and are simply cheap ways of reminding a discerning public with sixpence that A. B. has such and such goods to sell. Others are obviously dictated by sheer fear of a mob. The whole story is eloquent of the increase of what may be solemnly called Antinomianism in this country, or, in plainer language, of the growing belief in certain quarters that, if you are only on what you think the right side, you may laudably be as brutal as you please, and defy or evade the law if you can. The evidence it gives of the tyranny of workmen over workmen is equally striking; and, altogether, it is a reminder that the fight of the immediate future may be against the tendency to Irishry in our habits, which has been tolerably marked here and there of late.

STIGGINS ON CHADBAND.

THE audience which assembled in the Academy of Music at Brooklyn last Tuesday evening witnessed a remarkable exhibition, and enjoyed—if they were capable of enjoying it—a rare opportunity. The late Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER was not an ordinary man, and Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, who beats the drum ecclesiastic in the City Temple on Holborn Viaduct, is a very extraordinary man indeed. When Dr. PUSEY published his book on the prophet DANIEL, a flippant critic irreverently observed that he would much rather have had DANIEL'S opinion of Dr. PUSEY. But Mr. BEECHER on Dr. PARKER would have been neither more nor less interesting than Dr. PARKER on Mr. BEECHER. They were born to eulogize each other, and it is the mere accident of mortality which has allowed Dr. PARKER to do for his friend what his friend would no doubt much rather have done for him. There is, indeed, a breezy cheerfulness in the good Doctor's tone, an exuberant determination to dispense with the trappings of woe, which irresistibly suggests the meek resignation of the surviving wife in Mr. SWINBURNE'S parody of Lord TENNYSON'S "Despair." "I'll allow," says that good woman, when the stomach-pump has proved too strong for the poison, "I'll allow as things might have been worse, for he might have been the survivor, and a followin' my hearse." But if Dr. PARKER is jocular, he is also pugnacious. He admits, for the sake of the argument, that there may be men of "superior genius" to himself. If such imaginary beings really existed—and the speculative possibility of their existence Dr. PARKER modestly refrains from denying—they would necessarily be better qualified for the great task of burning incense on the shrine of Mr. BEECHER. But don't let anybody oust Dr. PARKER "on the plea of larger love." Just let Dr. PARKER catch him at it. "Would you though!" says the voice from Holborn Viaduct. Or rather, in Dr. PARKER'S unique and happily incommunicable style, "I should resist the impossible plea with a positiveness—deemed from perversity by a homage without a flaw and—a devotion undistracted by those pedantic criticisms which, though intended to mark the impartiality, and perhaps the superiority, of the critic, destroy all that is inspiring in eulogy, and all that is magnanimous in justice." Dr. PARKER proves his own qualification for his business in that single sentence, which Mr. BEECHER himself could not have surpassed, and from which the combined wit of all the candidates in the Civil Service examination could not extract the smallest particle of meaning. We can assure the reverend eulogist that we shall not attempt to dispute the proud position which he claims of chief trumpeter to a departed charlatan. We had something to say about Mr. BEECHER last spring, and need not repeat it now. But Dr. PARKER has unconsciously portrayed himself in this singular lecture, and the result combines amusement with instruction.

It would be absurd to comment on Dr. PARKER'S taste. He might fairly retort, if he ever used plain language, that we had come to the wrong shop for the article. They do not offer it on the Holborn Viaduct, or at least in the City Temple, and Mr. BEECHER'S admirers in the Brooklyn Music Hall are not likely to have felt its absence. Dr.

PARKER, however, possesses a faculty more striking, if less valuable, than taste, as will be seen from the following piece of testimony:—"I speak not inferentially, but with *definite personal information* [the italics are ours], when "I say that our ascended friend would repel, perhaps with "scorn, certainly with indignation, every eulogy which "God did not first sanction, and would love that eulogy "best which gratefully and reverently magnified the eternal "glory of the Son of God." Mr. MYERS and Mr. GURNEY should call upon Dr. PARKER to explain whether he communicates with his "ascended friend" through the medium of Mr. SLUDGE, or how otherwise. Here on earth Dr. PARKER abstained from invading the privacy of his not yet ascended friend, and especially from hearing him rehearse his sermons. "We thrilled under the sacred symphony, "and yet were spared the tuning of the instrument." Dr. PARKER is not complimentary, but he does well to be thankful. Warning to his subject, the worthy Doctor congratulates himself on the special advantage he possesses in knowing very little about Mr. BEECHER. "Criticism that is attempted by admiring memory is not bound "by the vulgarity of the naked eye." The vulgarity of "the naked eye" is a phrase on which Dr. PARKER may well be content to rest his oratorical reputation for the remainder of his life. He will never beat it, and Mr. MICAWBER himself might have been proud of it. Such mere commonplace nonsense as that "every morning Europe "awakens to renew its disappointment that there is not a "revolution in America" might attract notice if uttered by another man. In the roaring cataract of Dr. PARKER's bottomless rhetoric such foam on the surface is hardly noticed. We can only quote without comment such exquisite phrases as "You care no more for the PLANTAGENETS "than you care for the plesioaurus [sic]." "It was always "the 24th of June with this child of light." "At a ladies' "school the only boy among forty girls, yet submissive and "uncomplaining." Mr. BEECHER possessed what Dr. PARKER calls "a supreme gift of language," of which he had about as much command as a man has of a runaway horse. The gift, such as it was, "was betokened by his planet-like eyes—"eyes as full as SHAKESPEARE'S, as radiant as GLADSTONE'S, "as expressive as GARRICK'S," and perhaps like that dew on a bramble to which Mr. ROBERT MONTGOMERY compared the eyes of a lady. "Mr. BEECHER'S eloquence was like the "fluency of the Atlantic," which is apt to make people sick. It was "a constant motion, a mysterious depth, "an infinite caress, or an infinite assault." In short, our ascended friend could talk the hind leg off a donkey. "Mr. BEECHER was a prophet in his own country," thus showing his superiority over the personage to whom Dr. PARKER, with such "infinite" decency, alludes. But Dr. PARKER at last grows distrustful even of the "infinite "caress" of his own eloquence, and calls upon the painter for aid. "Paint him in conversation, with all the April "variety of his face, constant only in its truthfulness. "Catch, above all things, the smile, the smile which began "so far away, so dawn-like, and broadened into a summer "morning. O! painter, let me charge thee to seize that "spirit-smile." Dr. PARKER is not troubled by the difficulty of ALICE in Wonderland, who could not imagine the grin without the cat. Truly there was but one BEECHER, and Dr. PARKER is his prophet.

THE PEELITES.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has published in the October number of *Macmillan's Magazine* an account of the Peelite party, which exhibits his characteristic vigour and brilliancy of style. The immediate occasion of the essay seems to have been Mr. GLADSTONE'S absurd description of the Peelites as a public nuisance. The actual leader of the Home Rule faction might perhaps have found in his own long career some fitter ground for remorse than his temporary independence of party. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S object is rather historical than controversial, though he naturally takes the opportunity of enforcing his favourite tenet that the system of government by party is obsolete and mischievous. Not long since Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH was regarded as an intellectual leader of the Radicals, though he may perhaps not have shared their faith in the expediency or justice of a widely extended franchise. However this may have been, he now sees that the chief danger of the Irish crisis "lies in the character of the constituencies to

"which, by blind extension of the franchise without any "attempt to strengthen the upper works of the Constitution, supreme power has been abruptly transferred." "When," he adds, "to the flood of inevitable ignorance and "credulity thus suddenly let in shall have been added, by "the triumph of Female Suffrage, the irresponsible emotions "of the women, and government in the face of a world in "arms shall have been thus emasculated as well as fatally "lowered in point of intelligence and patriotism, England "will not be far from the point at which, as society cannot "put up with anarchy, reaction, perhaps of a convulsive "kind, will set in." There is no reason to fear that women will, with or without nominal power, be allowed really to share in the government of this or any other civilized country; but their admission to the franchise, and the manipulation of their votes by election managers, would make representative government ridiculous, and perhaps impracticable. Tory democrats, of whom Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH speaks with just contempt, are not unlikely to join with their professed opponents in trying a cynical experiment. The popularity of such a measure will not be increased by the proceedings of the silly candidates for notoriety who are now exposing their unfitness for public life as followers of Mr. HARRINGTON, Mr. CONYBEARE, and Mr. LABOUCHERE.

The resemblance between the Peelites and the Liberal Unionists, though it is not either superficial or imaginary, is incomplete. Sir ROBERT PEEL, after his retirement from office, never hankered after reunion with the followers of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK and Mr. DISRAELI. Too magnanimous to reciprocate the ill-will of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, he and his friends condoned once for all the monstrous coalition of Whigs and Protectionists by which he had been driven from power. During the short remainder of his life he supported and protected his former adversaries, and after his death Mr. GLADSTONE alone among his colleagues was at different times on the verge of a coalition with Lord DERBY. Lord HARTINGTON has but recently discontinued the habit of expressing a hope that the Liberal party may be reunited under its former leader. His Radical allies still profess their attachment to all but one of the doctrines of which Mr. GLADSTONE is the principal advocate. It is true that only one deserter of any personal or political distinction has retransferred his allegiance to the Separatist leader; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself, though he has amply proved his loyalty to the Unionist cause, is the avowed supporter or promoter of measures which, if they are pressed, must inevitably dissolve the alliance. Mr. DICEY has in the same magazine explained with much force the false position of the Liberal Unionists as long as they stand aloof from their natural allies. The Peelites appreciated more justly the truth of the proposition that a door must be either open or shut. It is true that they were guilty of serious errors, but the general course which they followed was intelligible and consistent. Their separate organization was finally dissolved after their acceptance of office in Lord PALMERSTON'S second administration. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, though he voted with Lord DERBY in the division which drove the Conservatives from office, was won over by the offer of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. His new chief was for the next six years worried with Mr. GLADSTONE'S periodical resignations; but he steadily preferred the inconvenience of a troublesome colleague to the dangers which would have been threatened by an implacable enemy.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH was intimate with the Duke of NEWCASTLE, with Mr. CARDWELL, and probably with Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT. He seems to have had no personal acquaintance with Sir JAMES GRAHAM, or with Lord ABERDEEN. His condensed character of the Duke of NEWCASTLE is forcible, and remarkably just. The Duke's failures in administration were in a great degree caused by his habit of wearing himself out, as Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH remarks, with details which he ought to have left to subordinates. One of his later colleagues sometimes referred to the Duke of NEWCASTLE'S practice in illustration of a maxim of his own, that no Minister should do anything which he can have done as well by any one else. He added that a subordinate serves his chief best when he is allowed a wide discretion and charged with corresponding responsibility. The Duke of NEWCASTLE, who was a genuinely modest man, sometimes said that, although he recognized his inferiority to Mr. GLADSTONE, he thought that, while their intimacy was closest, he had exercised a beneficial influence over his more brilliant friend. It is not impossible that contact with a

manly and simple nature may have tended to restrain elaborate subtlety and extravagance of thought, of language, or of conduct. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has always been consistent in his condemnation of the Crimean War. It is true that, whatever opinion may be held of the policy of the war, "the Peelites in their relation to it were altogether unfortunate. If it is difficult to justify their entrance, it is no less difficult to justify the withdrawal of such of them as had remained in the Government when it was reconstructed under PALMERSTON."

The spirit in which they prosecuted the war varied widely. Mr. GLADSTONE attempted to cripple the enterprise by proposing to pay the cost out of revenue, and he encouraged the fatal delusion of the Emperor NICHOLAS by taking a vote for the cost of the immediate return of the Guards from Malta. With Sir JAMES GRAHAM and Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, he threw himself into violent opposition when he had found a cause for leaving the Cabinet. Mr. CARDWELL disapproved of the secession of himself and his friends from office, though, from an overstrained delicacy, he refused the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer which was offered to him by Lord PALMERSTON. The Duke of NEWCASTLE could not at the time be a candidate for office; but from the beginning of the war he had been more thoroughly in earnest than any member either of the Whig or the Peelite section of the Cabinet, with perhaps the exceptions of Lord PALMERSTON, Lord LANSDOWNE, and Lord CLARENDON. "PALMERSTON himself could not have been more passionately desirous of victory than the Duke of NEWCASTLE." The Duke always asserted that Lord ABERDEEN, notwithstanding his antipathy to the war, had supported his colleagues who were directly charged with its administration with the most loyal energy. Mr. CARDWELL, as President of the Board of Trade, had no official share in the management of the war. He had already desired to break up the separate organization of the Peelite party and to join the great body of the Whigs.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH had formed a somewhat low opinion of Lord CANNING's ability when he furnished him with information for his conduct of the Oxford University Reform Bill in the House of Lords. He nevertheless appreciated the qualities which were called out by the great Indian emergency. The same impression was produced by Lord CANNING's manner and conversation on others with whom he had a slight acquaintance, but some of them remarked that he must have high qualities to account for the estimation in which he was evidently held by his friends. He had inherited neither the brilliancy of his father nor his tendency to intrigue, but he was equal to a great occasion. Lord CLYDE at one of the festive meetings held in his honour after his return from India, after finishing his speech of thanks to his entertainers, suddenly sprang up and said, "I have forgotten to speak of Lord CANNING, the 'bravest man I ever knew.'" Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is a warm admirer of Lord ABERDEEN, and he appreciates the qualities and defects of Sir JAMES GRAHAM. The greatest administrator of his generation, with the single exception of PEEL, seemed to be absolutely without political convictions. Sometimes a vehement Radical, sometimes a thoroughgoing Tory, he was often violent in language, and in action he was always timid. His character is described by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH with his usual accuracy of perception and with his habitual mastery of language.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

THERE is usually something interesting to be found in the annual October addresses of the London medical schools. The interest lies not, of course, so much in their merely technical parts, or in the doubtless good advice which they give to those who are (in the proper sense of an abused verb) "commencing Sawbones," as in the evidence they give of change, and on the whole of progress, in the professional ideas and ideals of a profession more immediately, constantly, and practically important to us than any other. A good deal of this kind is to be found in the addresses which filled no small part of last Tuesday's newspapers, sometimes in the personality and sometimes in the remarks of the lecturers. Thus the delivery of one address, that at St. Mary's, by Mr. ANDERSON CRITCHETT, exemplifies the remarriage of two different pairs of things which never ought to have been divorced. For Mr. CRITCHETT is not only a man distinguished in practical science, but a man educated

at one of the older and truer Universities, where fortunately the union of medical studies with arts—the foundation of them upon arts, we should perhaps say, in the old phrase—is becoming more and more common. And Mr. CRITCHETT is not only a distinguished specialist, but also accomplished in that general medical and surgical science in which it was at one time thought (and by no means unjustly thought) that the ordinary specialist was conspicuously wanting. Again, Dr. RADCLIFFE CROCKER's denunciation of advertising—the greatest curse of the present day in every line of life—at University College Hospital is well worth reading and (by his hearers) following. The plans of the Medical Council for putting an end to the present scandalous inequality of medical degrees, to which Dr. STURGES referred at Westminster, are very interesting, though it is not entirely clear how they are to be got to work; and there were good things in the lay addresses of Lord SELBORNE and the LORD MAYOR, which King's College Hospital and the Middlesex seem to have substituted for the older professorial *discours d'ouverture*. There is no reason why laymen should not speak well on such an occasion, for certainly we are all interested in the good education of "doctors."

Let us, however, suggest that there is at least one art not commonly taught in the curriculum of our hospitals which might be added with immense advantage. That is the same art the addition of which Mr. JOHN MORLEY (for once with the complete approval of his political opponents and, as they think, rather dangerously for himself) urges on politicians—the art of estimating evidence. Among the other addresses we find one delivered by a homœopathist at a homœopathic hospital. Far be it from us to attempt to fight here the battle of allo- and homœo-, or to discuss the efficacy of infinitesimals. But Dr. DUDGEON, in striving to depreciate M. PASTEUR's great benefits to mankind, used this remarkable argument to prove that the Paris savant had "not only not cured 'the old hydrophobia, but had introduced a new and 'serious kind':—"The rate of mortality from the disease 'had been much higher during the time the experiments 'were in swing.'" Now any one who has received the most rudimentary instruction in logic must see that Dr. DUDGEON has received none. If a great epidemic of any disease arose in a city, and almost at the outset all hospitals but homœopathic hospitals were closed, and nothing but homœopathic treatment allowed, and if then the mortality increased, he would undoubtedly be the first to exclaim at the injustice of the argument of attributing the increase to homœopathy. And of course the mere increase would not only be no argument, but would be independently probable, if not certain. Yet in a matter where he is prejudiced the other way, Dr. DUDGEON plunges headlong into *post hoc propter hoc* without a suspicion of its fallacy. Practically a doctor has to judge of evidence at least as much as a lawyer, and with much heavier penalties waiting on his judgment; and the art of judging is supposed to come by nature. Does it?

BRITISH LITERARY PIRATES.

TWO blacks do not make a white. Even if English publishers do steal American books, that would not morally justify the Americans in stealing English books. If it did, why English publishers would be justified in the piracies alleged by Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS in the *New Princeton Review*. Mr. HOWELLS remarks in *Harper's Magazine* for October:—"From time to time we hear that 'the English also pirate American books; but no one has 'the effrontery to urge this in defence of our piracy of 'English books; and every one knows that, if the English 'continued to pirate our books for a hundred years, the 'balance of guilt would still be upon our side. Moreover, 'every one knows that, if we enacted justice to the English 'author, there would be an instant response on the part 'of England to our tardy reparation; in fact, prior publication in England already secures for the American author 'the protection which our law denies to the alien on any 'condition.'"

Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS takes no notice of this fact in his article; yet he might have remarked, like Mr. HOWELLS, that American authors can now be protected in England. He confines himself to their sufferings, which are certainly grievous, and neglects the privileges which they enjoy here, and which are denied to us in the States. "Most American publishers now deal fairly with the 'foreigner,'" says Mr. MATTHEWS, and we can only reply

that this is a law with exceptions strangely numerous. It is quite true that LONGFELLOW, POE, Mr. BRET HARTE, MARK TWAIN, Dr. HOLMES, and many others have been shamefully robbed; but surely it is as true that American authors, if they choose, can protect all their new works in England, while thirteen editions of one new English novel cover the American bookstalls. The books that certain English publishers have already made prizes of were, we presume, not published in England as our law directs. That does not make the pirates more moral; but it may remind American authors that they can frustrate our English pirates if they like. Dreadful sea-robbers they appear to be; for they mutilate their victims, Mr. MATTHEWS declares, and change their names. A certain author called "Aunt FANNY" asked her English publisher (from whom she had never received a penny) to give her a set of her own books. But the English publisher declined. Other English publishers have seized an incomplete serial story, and brought it out, without the due conclusion, in this country. American publishers are apt to behave thus; it is with shame that we hear of their British imitators. Yet another atrocity—a popular book called *Ben Hur* has been pirated here, with a new preface signed by the author, a preface he never wrote. When the author remonstrated, the publisher said, "they thought they could improve it." And, says Mr. MATTHEWS, "the British publisher who made this confession has never offered to make any payment to the American author whom he had despoiled, and whose work he disfigured."

This naturally causes a manly indignation in Mr. MATTHEWS's breast, with which we sympathize. But we have ceased to be indignant at similar American performances. They are so common that we are used to them, like the eels of the old story. Mr. MATTHEWS says that American pirates do not "mangle their victims." Don't they! In every case they spell English into late debased American, and they are pretty good at stealing a serial, and ending it as they please. But what English author can expect to have, in America, the privileges that American authors enjoy (if they choose) in England, while the balance of profit in piracy is all on the American side? There is a great deal of nature in man, and we cannot hope, with Mr. HOWELLS, that editors and ministers will ever alter that nature. *L'homme est un méchant animal*, said MOLIÈRE, a great victim of literary pirates in his time.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

CHURCH Congresses are no more exempt than any other like meetings from certain obvious faults and weaknesses; indeed, it may be said to speak well for the character of their managers, considering the material assembled and the subjects treated, that the Congress is annually productive of not a little good and of very little harm. Nothing much to be regretted has happened at Wolverhampton. The indecency and folly of Mr. CHAMPION's expression about the Jubilee are indeed less chargeable upon Mr. CHAMPION than upon those who had the very questionable wisdom to invite him. If Mr. CHAMPION is so fortunate as to have a mother, and if his mother is so unfortunate as to have survived seeing her son cease to be a member of the most honourable of all lay professions, that of the soldier, and become a member of the lowest and vilest of all, that of the agitator, even he, we should presume, would hardly think it a crime to spend some little money on celebrating her fiftieth birthday or wedding-day. That is practically what the nation has done, and there's an end on't. The Bishop of DERRY's style and sense both seem to have received but little improvement from that recent association with Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY which grieved the loyalists of his see. A "holocaust of humdrum" is a very vile phrase, especially when you do not mean that the humdrum is holocausted, but that it holocausts something or somebody else.

But the Congress redeemed itself beforehand by the unusually remarkable opening sermon of the Bishop of DURHAM. Dr. LIGHTFOOT has committed one or two errors of judgment since his elevation to the Episcopate—errors chiefly due to that late, if not last, infirmity of good men, the temptation to countenance the use of questionable means to attain desirable ends. But by common consent the English Church has no living representative worthier of her in that combination of attributes in which she herself stands alone among

Christian communities—scholarship, theological learning, eloquence, practical ability, and the maintenance of a high and non-popular standard of thought and behaviour. All these good points were illustrated in the sermon of last Monday. It would be possible, of course, to qualify and to enter cautions at this or that point of the Bishop's panegyric on the catholicity of the Anglican Church. In all these eloquent eulogies, these Pisgah sights of as yet very imperfectly surveyed Paradises, there are apt to be exaggerations. Perhaps Dr. LIGHTFOOT may have laid a little too much stress on his doctrines of Pan-Anglican liberty within the fold and Pan-Anglican charity without it—stress which, not, of course, in his own mind, but in the minds of the heedless or the evil disposed, may be transformed or perverted into a commendation of universal latitudinarianism. *Qui trop embrasse*—there is no need to finish one of the wisest of all proverbs; and while there is probably no fear of the Church of England, either within or without her borders, repeating the mistakes, the all but fatal mistakes, which occur to every one at the mention of the words Methodism and Tractarianism, it is to be hoped that the limits of her comprehension may be at least intelligible and methodical. But the occasion was not one for insisting on the limits, and it was one for insisting on the comprehension. Accurate and not over-sanguine students of politics are in no danger of exaggerating the value of whatever particular plan for Imperial Federation or Imperial Union may be popular at the moment. But there is no doubt that in the organization after some fashion or other of the vast and scattered members of the English Empire lies the future hope and greatness of England. In this organization the Church may undoubtedly play a great part, and she can hardly (in another sense) find a greater part to play. England has given the world many good things, but the religious sectarianism of which she has been the fountain is certainly not one of them. The substitution for it of such catholicity as the Bishop sketches out would be a great thing politically, as well as a great thing spiritually, and though difficult, it is not impossible.

THE CANADIAN ROUTE.

THE latest effort to make the world appreciably smaller is happily likely to prove mainly useful to England. When the Canadians, with great spirit, ran a railway line across the continent within British territory, they had already done the more important part of the useful work of bringing all portions of the Empire nearer, with the exception of New Zealand, which is still as far away as it ever was. Our trading ports in China, Japan, and Australia will be much more accessible now that Canada can be crossed by rail. With a little outlay of energy it will be possible to shorten the route to them very materially for travellers and mails. The Post Office has shown a fair amount of activity in availing itself of the new route. It has actually begun to send letters *via* Vancouver, and has taken the first step towards establishing an efficient permanent service on a proper footing. A proper footing means that the steamers employed both on the Atlantic and on the North Pacific shall be the very best and swiftest which can be built, and shall be constructed to comply with the Admiralty rules as to the qualities of vessels which are to be used as auxiliaries to the fleet in war-time. In order that a Company may be encouraged to supply vessels of this description, it must be guaranteed against loss, and the security can only be given it by a national subvention. This the Ministry has decided to give, partly at the expense of the Post Office and partly out of the budget of the Admiralty. The money is exceedingly well employed. It does not appear why the Post Office has decided on a monthly instead of a fortnightly service from Vancouver, as it is reported to have done. The difference of expense for the Home Government would be 35,000*l.* a year. Sixty thousand pounds a year is the subvention demanded by shipowners for a monthly and 100,000*l.* for a fortnightly service in the Pacific; but the Canadian Government offers to contribute 15,000*l.* to the first and 20,000*l.* to the second. The difference certainly makes a handsome sum of money; but the advantages of the new route promise to be so many that it would be worth while to make the service as frequent as possible. Perhaps the Post Office wants to feel its way a little, perhaps it is afraid of spending big sums at once, perhaps it is not sure what Mr. HENNIKER HEATON will have to say. Whether its motive for choosing

the less frequent service of the two was good or not, it has committed itself to the experiment; and if it is found to answer, as it ought to, nothing will be easier than to increase the number of steamers employed. Shipowners and shipbuilders alike are always ready to provide more ships if the pay is certain. They only object when they are not asked for their services.

The advantages of the Canadian route are undoubted, except for those who object to passing many consecutive days in a railway-carriage, however well it may be warmed or fitted. But there are few travellers who do not prefer the speed of land travelling to the comfort of the sea, to say nothing of the fact that there are many to whom those words are a flippant mockery. For the sake of gaining a few days on the journey some people of curiously-constructed minds will sit in dusty railway-carriages, and remain in that unpleasant greasy condition which is produced by this method of travelling for a week on a stretch. To them the Canadian route will be an unmixed blessing. It is shorter than the line from New York to San Francisco, and, or so say its friends, better in every other respect. The level on which it is built is nowhere so high as the American. Whether its more moderate height above the sea level is enough to compensate for its greater nearness to the North Pole can only be known to those who have travelled by both lines in winter. Why anybody who could go by sea should choose either, unless to be sure he were a colonial governor hurrying out at a crisis, is a question not to be answered with politeness to the traveller; but numbers will take one or the other, and of course they will prefer the shortest. As far as the carriage of mails is concerned, the advantages of the Canadian route are beyond question. Halifax is a better harbour than New York, Vancouver can be more quickly reached than San Francisco, and all the further East is more accessible from the former than from the latter port. Before long the mails from the East which now go through the States will be transferred to Canada, which is a gain from the national point of view. The advantage of possessing a quick overland route to the East for troops wholly within the Empire is even more obvious. The United States would always be able to cut the line at some point or another, no doubt; but there is no reason to suppose that any difficulty of ours in the East would get us into hostilities with the Republic.

THE TREASURY AND THE PUBLIC.

IT is nearly a year since we called attention in this *Review* to the paper issued by Mr. DIGBY PIGOTT, Controller of the Stationery Department, on the subject of Government copyright. Mr. PIGOTT claimed, no doubt with legal accuracy, that the Crown possesses the same copyright in official publications as private citizens enjoy in respect of their own works. We pointed out at the time that, if this document were carried into practical effect, the diffusion of knowledge, which is collected in order that it may be diffused, would be seriously checked. The Treasury Minute which has appeared during the present week expressly adopts and sustains this sufficiently obvious proposition. "The majority of publications issued under the authority of the Government," say the Lords of the Treasury, "have no resemblance to the works published by private publishers, and are published for the information of the public and for public use in such manner as any one of the public may wish." In elegance of diction this paragraph leaves much to be desired. But it concedes the position for which we argued, and admits the absurdity of proceedings taken against the proprietor of a newspaper for printing a report or a dispatch. So far so good. Where the Treasury is concerned we must be thankful for small mercies. The value of Blue-books and Parliamentary papers is conventionally underrated. There are too many of them, no doubt, and some may not be worth the cost of printing. But these exceptions are rare, and contempt for Blue-books is based on ignorance. They are the raw material of history, without which it is impossible to understand either the course of political events or the social condition of the people. If we consider what we would give for similar information about the country in the time of HENRY VIII., or of CHARLES I., or of GEORGE II., we may be able to forecast in some slight degree the worth of extracts from these documents, such, for instance, as the *Times* is in the habit of giving, in the twentieth, twenty-first, or twenty-second century. To take only a single example, there was reprinted the other day,

and laid before Parliament, the Report of the Commissioners on which the new Poor-law of 1834 was based. It may well be doubted whether more facts bearing upon the lives and habits of the working classes were ever condensed into a single volume.

Blue-books are seldom preserved, except in a few great libraries, where they are often thrown into heaps, without any sort of arrangement. It is therefore most important that every opportunity should be given for multiplying copies of their contents, either in newspapers or elsewhere. This, however, is a truth which the Treasury as yet only imperfectly apprehends. For the Minute proceeds to except from the general license of republication, first, "literary or quasi-literary works"; secondly, the *Board of Trade Journal*; thirdly, "charts and ordnance maps." It is not desirable, in the opinion of those who hold the strings of the national purse, that private persons should be permitted to copy and sell these things. Why? Certainly not because the articles themselves are trivial, or uninteresting, or not produced for the sake of informing the community at large. The official argument is thus stated. "Unless copyright is enforced, cheap copies of the works, or of the popular portion of them, can be produced by private publishers, who reap the profit at the expense of the taxpayer. And, as such works are in any case a burden on the taxpayer, the greater the burden the fewer works can the Government, with justice to the taxpayer, undertake." Part of this reasoning involves the familiar confusion between the two pockets. Part of it is based on the maxim, so dear to the Treasury, "Thou shalt not spend the public money for the benefit of the public." Such compilations as the Reports of the *Challenger Expedition*, the series of State Trials, and the *Board of Trade Journal* ought to be printed and sold whether they are a source of profit or loss to the Exchequer. They are not brought out with the primary object of increasing the revenue, but in order to place on record the results of scientific research, the facts of legal history, and the progress of commercial investigation respectively. If booksellers are enabled to undersell the Government, it can only be because the responsible department does not understand its business, but either will not publish in a popular form, or persists in exacting too high a price. The contention of the Treasury comes to this. The taxpayer must be protected against the risk of loss which would fall upon him if a book were sold for sixpence by being compelled to pay a shilling for it or go without.

MADAGASCAR AGAIN.

THE telegraph has not yet conquered all the world, or enabled Ministers for Foreign Affairs to arrange national quarrels by direct communication in all cases. At least in Madagascar a representative may have a quarrel with the native Government, may take strong measures, and, according to the last reports, may settle the difference before his superiors at home have had time to interfere. What the exact merits of the dispute between M. LE MYRE DE VILERS and the Hova Premier with the harmonious name have been it would be rash to decide on the evidence forthcoming up to the present. Apparently there has been another difference of opinion as to the proper way of giving exequaturs to Consuls. In this case it was the American Consul who supplied the opportunity. Whether he applied to the French representative, and so offended the Premier, or whether he went to the Premier, and so hurt the dignity of M. LE MYRE DE VILERS, or whether he insisted on putting something unacceptable on the document, is not clear. Things reached such a serious point that the French flag was lowered at Antananarivo, and M. LE MYRE DE VILERS sent off part of his following, in order to be in a better position to beat a hasty retreat or act with vigour later on according to circumstances. This is serious enough; for what is at stake in this question of the exequatur is nothing less than the whole character of the French protectorate over the island. Then the exile of the Foreign Minister who made the treaty with France looked full of gravity. To send a bungling Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs into exile for twenty years is an admirable measure, only possible in these enfeebled times in barbarous countries; but it is on the face of it a step of some gravity. It looks as if his Government had resolved to tear up the foolish treaty he made, and begin fighting again as the more tolerable alternative. But here, again, further information makes it look

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not improbable that the exile of the Foreign Minister had no direct connexion with the French representative's strong measures. It is at least possible that this event only proves the existence of a Ministerial crisis at Antananarivo, which happened to coincide with a foreign question. RAINILALARIYONY, the Premier, and ROVONINAHITRINIARIVO, the Foreign Minister, are reported to have had some difficulty in working together for some time. As the former is not only Premier, but also King Consort, his colleague has not unnaturally got the worst of the battle, and has had to go into opposition.

The politics of the Hova capital are obscure. It is evident that the QUEEN'S Government is conducted with considerable ability, but the details of its management are not always easy to understand. At present it is plainly making a good fight for its independence. When the so-called war with France was so suddenly ended by the treaty of 1885, the Hova Government accepted the document with certain reservations, expressed in a letter drawn up and signed by the French representatives, Admiral MIOT and M. PATRIMONIO. On their interpretation the Hovas only acknowledged the protectorate of France in a very limited sense. They allowed it to control their foreign relations, but insisted on complete internal independence. According to this view the treaty left the already existing relations between the Hovas and other nations just where they were before. But the French Government utterly refused to recognize the letter of Admiral MIOT and M. PATRIMONIO. It put its own interpretation on the treaty, and insisted that it was to exercise a real protectorate. The difficulty about the Consuls' exequaturs would naturally arise where there was such a difference of opinion as this. M. LE MYRE DE VILERS insisted that they should be given by him or through him. The Hova Government argues, or so it would seem, that dealings with a Consul are domestic and not foreign affairs. There is a great deal to be said for their view. A Consul is the agent of a foreign Power, but it is for commercial, and not for diplomatic, affairs, unless he is specially authorized. His exequatur is simply the recognition by the central Government of a country of his right to act at a port as the commercial agent of another, or as the judicial agent, when there is a special arrangement, as there is in the East. His business is to look after his own countrymen and do his best to arrange their disputes with the natives of the country. These are domestic affairs. If a foreign agent at the capital insists on issuing these documents, and claims that the Consul shall deal with the central Government through him, it is obvious that a large part of that Government's power will be taken out of its hands even as regards its own subjects. At present this is the point in dispute between the Hovas and the French Government. Obviously it contains all the elements of a very pretty quarrel. For the moment it looks as if serious consequences would be averted. It is said that relations have been resumed between the high disputing parties. M. FLOURENS, who has been directly appealed to by the Hova Premier, is also reported to have sent out orders of a soothing kind to M. LE MYRE DE VILERS. What his orders are is not said, neither is it known on what terms the quarrel at Antananarivo has been made up, if at all. The incident is of some interest to this country. We also have had a difficulty about a Consul's exequatur which is not ended yet, and the position of English trade in Madagascar will be seriously affected by the course the dispute may take. Its prolonged existence is one more proof, if any were wanted, of the foolish character of the treaty made two years ago. It established a state of things which could not last. Whether the ultimate result is to be another war depends on the very problematical readiness of France to spend more men and money in Madagascar.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

THE chronic difficulty of dockyard administration has been illustrated again this week. A Correspondent of the *Times* has given an account of the state of things at Portsmouth which certainly justifies the solemnity of his language. Put shortly, his statement amounts to this, that the Admiralty has pushed on the work of the yard so rapidly that there is considerable danger that there may soon be none to do. A more melancholy example of the difficulties which the best intentioned administrator may create for himself by his own virtuous exertions cannot well

be imagined. With the very respectable wish to show that the Government establishments can do their work as quickly and as cheaply as the private yards, the Admiralty has gone on at such a rate that the programme for the year is likely to be completed long before a new one is ready. The Dockyard hands have been on their honour, so to speak, and have shown so much zeal that they have hurt their own interests. The *Trafalgar* has been brought to launching weight with exemplary speed and economy. Other work is going on equally briskly. The *Howe* will be completed in December. In March the *Camperdown* will be done with, and the turn of the *Anson* will come even sooner. The *Orontes* and the Indian transports are out of hand. The *Boadicea's* refit is the only long job on hand. All this has been and is being done as quickly, as cheaply, and, as far as the evidence goes, as well as could be wished. It is an agreeable spectacle of energy, and far be it from us to wish it away, but the result it threatens to lead up to is not so acceptable. There seems to be considerable danger that this year's programme will be exhausted before the next is ready. Then the Admiralty will find itself with a large staff on hand, and nothing for them to do during some months. Obviously it must either keep the men there doing nothing, or must make needless work for them—both vicious old practices—or it must break the promise given by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, and relieve the Budget by discharges on a large scale.

This account of the case may look like an *ex parte* statement in the interest of the dockyard hands, but it is supported by statements of fact which are entitled to be heard. If the *Howe* is done to date, 300 men must be taken from her, 700 will be set free by the *Camperdown*, and 800 by the *Anson*. In the meantime there is no work coming on for them to do, and they will be left idle before any can be got ready, unless the Admiralty puts its shoulder to the wheel at once. It is one thing to decide that a ship is to be built, and another to put it on the blocks. Plans have to be made and materials collected, neither of which things can be done in a day. In the meantime the staff may be standing idle. On the principle that the dockyard is to be worked like a private yard, the remedy is easy. It is to dismiss everybody for as long as they are not wanted, and take them on when they are. But this remedy is not nearly so much within the reach of the Admiralty as within the power of a private Company. A national dockyard is a national concern and should be kept permanently efficient. A good staff is not to be lightly broken up, for it is very difficult to get into order again. Besides, in a few months the new programme will be in hand, and then men will be wanted. If we are to take the discharged hands back, or others in place of them, we shall enter upon that very policy of alternate inflation and depletion which Lord GEORGE HAMILTON promised to make impossible in future. Again, the dockyard not only employs a large number of workmen but a considerable controlling staff. These men are covenanted public servants, and cannot be got rid of without retiring allowances and compensation. If they are kept on, they also will have nothing to do and there will be waste. Now, without pretending to be anything so virtuous as a Democrat, we really cannot see why what is sauce for the hand-work goose is not sauce for the clerical gander. Why should the dismissals, the loss of bread and butter, fall exclusively on the dockyard matey? Why should not Professor ELGAR, say, be docked of his salary, and told that he may be taken on again six months hence if he is wanted or has not found anything to do? No such fate will befall the Professor, we may be sure. No doubt it is bad policy to make work for the sake of the staff only; but, in truth, there is no need to do so, either for the sake of the hands or the clerical staff. The selection of the *Leander* as the flag-ship of the Australian squadron, which is to be maintained according to the scheme drawn up at the Colonial Congress, shows that the Admiralty has still a long programme to carry out. Our own list of cruisers is far from full. Many of them are to be, and ought to be, built in the national yards. Why should they not be taken in hand immediately? The work must be done, and ought to be done quickly. By setting to work at once to draw its plans and make its models, the Admiralty would put itself in a position to give Portsmouth quite enough to do as soon as the building on hand is over. In that way it would avoid the threatened hiatus between the end of this and the beginning of the next financial year.

THE REVOLT OF CYPRUS.

IN the fleeing derision always cast on the common tempest in a tea-cup, no one ever gives a thought to what became of the tea; and still, by the conditions of the metaphor, it was the tea that endured all the buffeting of fortune: like the poor Cypriots when at last they turned like worms in 1764.

In the July of that year Tazil Osman Aga became Muhassil or Governor. The revenues of the island, being then a sort of perquisite of the Grand Vizir, were from time to time put up for sale at Constantinople, and the highest bidder was made the governor. The plague had been at Cyprus in 1760, brought by some shipwrecked Turks to Paphos and Nicosia, and in six months had carried off 22,000 people; and during the two centuries of Turkish rule that had then elapsed the population had fallen from about 150,000 at the Moslem conquest to 40,000 after the plague; and still the revenue claimed from the harried island was 540,000 piastres, or the large sum of 128,000*l.* of our present money. These contemporary statements may be, and probably are, exaggerated; and it might be added that the Turk, although he brought the Kharâdj, or capitation of non-Moslems, with him, found a poll-tax already established in the island by the early Lusignan kings, who received—and disregarded—the papal commands to abolish the “horrible and detestable” impost. No wonder there was no specie in the country, that the remnant of the population was emigrating daily, and the plains becoming rapidly a frightful solitude. Osman began to prove himself without any delay a veritable King Stork, and led off by doubling the Capitation-tax, demanding 44*½* piastres—some ten guineas—from every Christian adult male, and half that sum from every Turk. The Greeks appealed to their bishops, and the Turks to their Mollahs and the Mufti, who, for a wonder—for they had always sided with the Government, on condition of getting military aid to levy their own pickings—for once took the part of the people, and remonstrated, but with no effect. They then, according to the constant practice which still prevails, sent a deputation to Constantinople, who greased the wheels so effectually that on their return, on October 31, they were accompanied by an assistant Vizir, bearing an iradé for the reduction of the tax to 20 and 10 piastres, a refund of the excess levied, and an inquiry into the conduct of the Government officials. Plenty of justice is constantly ordered at Constantinople, though little is carried out. On November 5th the headquarters official went through the comedy of going before the Cadi (who himself took a tithe of all claims brought into his court, and claimed a tithe of all successions) and summoning the Governor to appear; but of course this ended instead in the Vizir's going to the Serai or Konak, the Governor's official abode, followed by all the notables and the entire population of the town. They had scarcely crowded into the rambling pile—now at last being rebuilt—when a floor fell in with some hundreds of people, and the Governor was instantly accused of having sawn the joists through; but such an accusation goes for nothing to those who are familiar with the dilapidations of the East. To this was added the equally likely tale that he poisoned the coffee which goes round to this day in all such divans; and the people worked themselves into a fury, although only four or five of them were actually hurt, and that slightly. The Turks took the lead, and the Greeks would never have budged, and besieged the doors of the Mufti, who, after the prescriptive triple summons to the Governor, which was received with contumely, issued his fetva declaring Osman rebellious to the sacred law and to his sovereign, and giving him over to the will of the people, who were not slow to take so broad a hint, but availing themselves of the fair of St. Dimitri, which brought a throng in the very front of the Konak, they surrounded and attacked the building. The inmates barricaded themselves and killed a number of the assailants; but the gates were soon fired, the mob rushed in, killed the Muhassil and nineteen of the officials, the rest taking to flight; pillaged the treasury, and gutted the place. The whole affair only lasted three hours; the shops in the bazar immediately reopened, the fair continued as if nothing had happened, and the deputy Vizir departed to make his report at Constantinople; whence, as soon as might be, one Hafiz-Mohammed Effendi, a man reputed for capacity and cautiousness, was despatched to take the murdered Osman's place. Hafiz temporized for a short time, but ere long, trusting in his janissaries, declared a penal tax of fourteen piastres a head on Greeks and Turks alike, as a punishment for the rising and the assassination. The Turks forthwith led a refusal to pay, and mobs began to go about and commit outrages. They made Kythrea their headquarters, seizing the mills there which supplied Nicosia with flour, and thus threatening the capital with a famine. Hafiz was obliged to abate his pretensions and withdraw the tax, whereupon every one went about his business.

But at the outbreak of these latter troubles, the Greek Archbishop, with the bishops of Paphos and Kyrenia, had slipped away to Constantinople, and, one way or another, had obtained the nomination of yet another Governor, who did not, however, appear immediately upon the scene, and, being thus as good as non-existent, Hafiz, finding that not a mouse was now stirring, with incredible obstinacy went back to his fourteen piastres, and did actually, though with delay and pains, encash some small part of the penalty. But the Turks again showed fight ere long, and on 12th August, 1765, Halil Aga, the disdâr of the castle of Kyrenia, the depôt of all the arms and munitions of the island, put himself at the head of 2,000 of them. This was indeed a blow to the Governor, who had to shut the gates of Nicosia. The Kythrea

mills were again seized by the rebels, who were now joined by many of the janissaries, and detachments blockaded the three gates of the capital, preventing the entry of provisions, which drove the inhabitants on August 18th to a sortie, in which they were worsted with loss, and the rebels, daily becoming emboldened, compelled all the rural Turks to join them, by burning the houses and villages around over the heads of those that refused. Hafiz by the 28th of the month had again to give way and declare a general amnesty, whereupon every one of the long-suffering Cypriots again went to his home contented. But just at this moment a French vessel arrives at Kyrenia with the episcopate, the “*l'other Governor*,” and all his suite. Soliman Effendi—for such was the new potentate's name—was all smiles for Halil, praising his zeal for the public good, and so on, until he could get safely through his clutches, and so to Nicosia. Once there, Soliman and Hafiz put their heads together, made all sorts of offers to Halil, and spared no expedient to get him to come in to the capital, but to no purpose. Halil was master of the situation, and preferred remaining so. There were now two, if not three, kings in Brentford; but Soliman was old and lazy, and Hafiz objecting to transfer the charge until he had squared accounts with the rebels, Soliman acquiesced, and on January 1, 1766, the pair reverted again to the eternal fourteen piastres, which was an immediate signal for the discontented again to take to the fields with Halil, who could then, they say, count 5,000 men under his banner. On the 10th he tried to surprise Famagusta, but failed; and on the 24th he sat down before Nicosia, claiming the governorship of the island. Sorties and skirmishes followed, but the Nicosians were not more than 1,500 in number, and could gain no success, though they repelled several clumsy attempts at escalade. Larnaka was in a state of panic on the 27th, and the Turkish notables, after a refusal by the French Consul, addressed themselves to Mr. Timothy Turner, the English Consul and Vice-Consul for Italy, who after great pressure consented to act as mediator; and on February 13 he placed his consulates in charge of the Italian Abbé Mariti—who has given an account of the revolt—and went to Halil's camp. On the 15th he passed on into Nicosia, where the Governors proving intractable, the people detained Turner as a hostage until he effected his escape and returned to Larnaka on the 24th. At this time an Ibrahim Bey touched at Limassol with two galleys of war belonging to the Porte and some five hundred men, but did not meddle in the matter, and went his way again. The rebels brought cannon up from Kyrenia to bear upon Nicosia, and began a feeble endeavour to breach the walls. So matters dragged on in a shiftless fashion till June 6, 1766, when a sort of corsair in the service of the Sultan, one “*Crassar*” Bey, as his name is given, with a frigate, two galleys, and another vessel, happened to touch at Larnaka, and, finding himself suddenly in his element, landed two hundred men and took possession of the fort. His piratical crew immediately treated the poor people to worse excesses than the rebels had ever thought of, but were next day overawed by five hundred of Halil's levies, took to their ships, and departed for Famagusta, Halil's force manning the fort. On the 27th the Governor of Selefkah, in neighbouring Karamania, whose fee-faw-fum name was Ghierghilought, allured by the disorder, arrived with a band of some two hundred brigands at Famagusta, and on the same day a Bashaw—as we then called them—of two tails, Khior-Mohammed, arrived at Larnaka with a small fleet of transports, 2,000 infantry, and 250 horse. The Karamanian horde at once set to work to rob and ransack Famagusta, and, just to show what they could do if they liked, beheaded a couple of Turks, and impaled half-a-dozen Greeks over the gates of the town. Two days after Khior Pasha had anchored the rebels evacuated Larnaka fort, and fell back on Nicosia; and twenty-four hours later the brave Khior effected his landing, and, displaying the better part of his valour—perhaps, like the Pope's legate from Ravenna, he had “*known three-and-twenty leaders of revolts*”—sent Mr. Turner with a moderating letter to Halil, who had the chagrin straightway to see his forces melt down to a handful of 200 good men and true, with whom he had nothing to do but to throw himself into his seaboard castle of Kyrenia, where great numbers of fugitive women also took refuge. The Bashaw then saw no further reason why he should not advance boldly to Nicosia, which he did, taking with him the Karamanian ruffians who had come on from Famagusta, and had repeated their infamies at Larnaka. The war vessels sailed round the island to Kyrenia, where “*Crassar's*” and Ibrahim's ships had also arrived, so that Halil was completely cut off seawards. On the 28th June, the Pasha, after several fruitless efforts to work upon Halil, marched on Kyrenia, and set to work to fill up the ditch, in hopes to escalade the walls; but the defenders were well supplied, and played upon the Pasha's numerous army with such effect as to cause a remarkable carnage. Some guns were landed from the ships, but proved ineffective against the walls. Treachery, however, was soon at work, and Halil was decoyed by Meleki Bey, the commander of the fleet; his former caution failed him, and, whether losing heart or head, he went on board Meleki's vessel for a conference, trusting in that Bey's own solemn word. But no sooner was he on board than he was on land again, this time outside his castle, and in the hands of Khior. The fort quietly surrendered the same day; the women—who had doubtless considerably hampered Halil, whose soft metal was not that of a usurper—were liberated, and the men put in chains. Khior first upbraided the unfortunate Halil, and then had him strangled in his presence, and cut off his head, which, with the two hundred other heads of his last adherents,

was forwarded to Constantinople as the best possible proof of despatch of business. In due course the Pasha received his third tail—he had “known four-and-twenty leaders of revolts”—he and his forces crossed over to his government of Konia, order reigned in Cyprus, and night once more closed in on its wretched population.

POLLON ONOMATON MORPHE MIA.

IRREREVRENT persons have before now compared Mr. Gladstone, in more respects than one, to Dickens's (as some think) greatest creation, the architect, artist, and man, Seth Pecksniff. But it has been less generally recognized that, in a strange and (except to comparative mythologists) probably inexplicable manner, the creator of Mr. Pecksniff drew on his eminent contemporary for a whole gallery of characters. The subject is rather bewildering, partly because of the protean variety with which Mr. Gladstone plays his part, and partly because it is impossible to decide whether the egg first came from the owl or the owl from the egg—whether Dickens amused himself and displayed his genius by drawing all these characters out of the Mr. Gladstone of the future, as a conjurer draws handkerchiefs from a hat, or whether Mr. Gladstone amuses himself and displays his talent by successively acting to the life the characters which Dickens excoagitated. There is not only the Gladstone-Pecksniff, though perhaps he is the best known. There is Gladstone-Bagstock, who boasts of being an old Parliamentary hand, tough and devilish sly. There is Gladstone-Pogram (the Pogram trap is very frequently on). There is a Gladstone-Chadband and a Gladstone-Stiggins who understand each other's parts and that of their dear brother Gladstone-Pecksniff in the most intricate manner. During the past week or ten days the whole fraternity, the whole corporation sole, or whatever word may be preferred, has been quite appallingly active. We do not here refer to Mr. Gladstone's extremely clever and (as we hold) quite justifiable letter to Dr. Parker in reference to the Parkerian Panegyric on the late Mr. Ward Beecher. Some admirers of Mr. Gladstone may be pained by it; but surely with an illogical pain. That Mr. Gladstone should have anything to do with Dr. Parker at all may be a very deplorable thing, but that clearly is not the question. For a long time past Dr. Parker has actually been a valued friend, an active lieutenant of Mr. Gladstone. Now you can't exactly tell a valued friend and active lieutenant that his pet hero—who had an eye like Shakespeare and a nose like Dante, or whatever it is—was a vulgar charlatan, if not a blasphemous blackguard. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, exercises a wise economy, says in effect nothing bad or good of Mr. Beecher, and yet does not disoblige the other minister of that long-suffering thing, the Gospel. If you love Dr. Parker, you must at any rate not openly kick Dr. Parker's dogs—a downright consequence.

We must look elsewhere for our subject, and we have not far to look. It is rather odd that nobody, as far as we know, has yet commented upon one of the most extraordinary and complicated derangement of epitaphs recently perpetrated by any one, always excepting M. de Blowitz. It occurs in the close of Mr. Gladstone's attack on Dr. Ingram in the *Nineteenth Century*, and runs as follows:—“In his loud and boisterous pretensions, in his want of all Irish feeling, in his blank unacquaintance with Irish history at large, in his bold inventions, and in the overmastering prejudices to which it is evident that they can alone be ascribed, in his ostentatious parade of knowledge on a few of the charges against the Union, and his absolute silence, or purely perfunctory notices, on the matters that most profoundly impeach it—in all these things the work of Dr. Ingram is like a buoy upon the sea, which is tumbled and tossed about by every wave, but remains available only to indicate ground which should be avoided by every conscientious and intelligent historian.” Now, in reference to this remarkable outburst of Gladstone-Pogram, crossed with Gladstone-Chadband, we don't propose to dwell much on the singularly double-edged assertion at the close. A buoy on the sea, as it happens, does a great deal more than warn ships off—it also guides them on; but never mind that. What, oh men and angels! what is Mr. Gladstone's idea of buoyishness? A buoy, it seems, is “loud and boisterous” (which seems to be a kind of pun); it “has no Irish feeling” (which is very wrong of it); it is “blankly unacquainted with Irish history” (which, considering all things, may be scarcely its fault); it has “overmastering prejudices”; it is “ostentatiously parading” (and, certainly, they usually do paint it in rather bright colours—we own that); and, despite its “loudness” and “boisterousness,” it is “absolutely silent” (like a poor dumb buoy as it is; though surely there have been bell buoys?) Now, when did Mr. Gladstone see a buoy possessing or not possessing all these marvellous qualities and defects? The hospitality of Sir Donald Currie must surely be excessive, or the sea-symphs must exert supernatural powers, if Mr. Gladstone has ever seen the buoy at the Nore or any of his fellows behaving in this fashion. Did the great statesman (in some such playful mood as that in which he surprised the historian by singing “Doodah! doodah! dey”) ever shout “Buoy ahoy! do you know Irish history?” and so forth? Or did he, as the profane will conclude, simply write a passage of sounding balderdash, of which a lady novelist or an Irish orator might be ashamed?

Gladstone-Pogram is less perceivable in the address to the men of Kidderminster who journeyed from that decidedly dismal town to Hawarden the other day to add one more to Mr. Gladstone's

numerous “presentations,” as they say in dear old Scotland. But Gladstone-Chadband comes very strongly to the front, attended by his shadow, Gladstone-Pecksniff, with a suggestion of Gladstone-Stiggins, and a faint flavour of a still more remarkable personage, Gladstone-Micawber—a personage who has never been quite worked out, though some hints for him exist in many of Mr. Gladstone's speeches. If Mr. Gladstone did not exactly pray for Mr. Goschen, he went as near it as a layman may. The delightful duty of “giving every assistance in his power to the Tories” might even suggest a Gladstone-Smangle in the obliging frame of mind in which the great original proposed to send some of Mr. Pickwick's things with his own to the wash. But the gem of the speech lay in the following remarkable passage, which, it is curious to observe, does not appear in an otherwise full report in the *Freeman's Journal*. Whether Mr. Gladstone himself thought its rather effusive loyalty unsuited for Irish consumption, or whether the *Freeman* did not like to exhibit Mr. Gladstone in the shocking light of a loyal subject to its readers, we do not, of course, pretend to know. “I am very much obliged by the explanation that has been given of the materials of this carpet. It is a particular pleasure to me to know that a portion of the wool of which it is actually made comes from the Queen's farm at Windsor, because, without disputing or questioning for a moment the title of all those who are so disposed to find fault with and condemn my words and acts to whatever extent they please, yet, having a very fervent conviction that I am engaged in a cause of most vital importance to the welfare alike of the Throne and the nation, it is a particular pleasure to me that this carpet should be made of wool which represents on the one side Her Majesty and on the other side the skill and industry of the subjects of Her Majesty. (Applause.) You have been good enough to refer to my career. It has been a very long one, and there cannot be a great deal of it remaining. I do not question that I have often misjudged, often failed to do what I should have done and what ought to have been done; but I hope that I have always, according to my lights, studied to do and desired to do the best thing that I could. (Hear, hear.) And I venture to assure you that for the remaining part, however long or however short it may be, of my public labours I shall continue to be guided by that principle.” The muddle in the long and singularly involved sentence wherein Mr. Gladstone at once protests his own loyalty and the wickedness of his inveterate persecutors may be partly due to misreporting or some other accident. But otherwise how sweetly does it all sound in the ears of a lover of Dickens! Now the plaintive eloquence of Mr. Stiggins, now the manlier but still suave tones of Pecksniff, now the inimitable Chadband's style of address, fall on the believer's ear like echoes from a vanished Boz. Would it be impious to disengage these harmonies? At any rate, a bold critic might try. He would probably assign the first sketch to Gladstone-Stiggins, suggesting that, if there was one particular vanity which a vessel might partake of more innocently than another, it is Kidderminster carpet; that the men of wrath, my friends, say that the acts of the humble shepherd are vile, but that he feels the falsehood of this in his buzzum, and so forth.

But it probably seemed to the other members of the conclave of Gladstone-eidola that too much of Mr. Stiggins depends upon the reporting of him by the two Mr. Wellers. If Gladstone-Pecksniff produced his idea of a speech to the men of Kidderminster, it is not preserved in full. But probably the remarkable anecdote of Mr. Gladstone's youthful style of conversation (“There is the door, and your name is Walker”) came from this source; for it is very much in Mr. Pecksniff's vein when he unbent. The equally remarkable statement that “Mr. Goschen and I have been working in opposite directions, and have passed each other by this time,” smacks a little of Mr. Pecksniff when he was decorated with the Muffin, for it passes the wit of unexhilarated man to see how this can be done. And all the portions as given above about “fervent convictions,” “principle,” and the like, must have been the unaided composition of this particular incarnation of Gladstone-Vishnu. But there was something left for Gladstone-Chadband to do, and we are inclined to think that both the buoy passage of the *Nineteenth Century* article and this of the Kidderminster speech were originally due to him, and may have run something in this style:—

“Oh, my friends, if a human buoy on the sea were loud and boisterous, and if he knew naught of Irish affairs, and had no Irish feeling, and if he were to come and tell us stories of a Cock and of a Bull and of a Union, would that be Terewth? Nay, my friends, it would not be Terewth. But if the servants of the Lord in the town of Richard Baxter were to offer unto another servant of the Lord gifts of Queen's clip and of wool and of carpets, and were to say that they offered the same with a willing heart, would that be Terewth? Yea, my friends, that would be Terewth. And if the wicked men, the men of Belial, were to find fault with the servant of the Lord and condemn him and distort his words, would ye believe them? Nay. For what is this? This is a Carpet, woven of threads and thrums, and of the Queen's clip, and by the skill of the men of Kidderminster. Is it a Maud? Nay, that was from Galashiels. Is it a Silver Vessel? Nay, that was from New York. Is it a h-so in D-w-n-g Str-t? Nay, for the spoilers have driven us out of that with a great and smashing blow.” But the conclave doubtless said that Gladstone-Chadband was getting tedious, and the speech and the article were finally redacted by agreement as we have them. Lord Rosebery is studying Dickens; let him look to this.

THE LONDON SPARROW.

THERE is a popular theory, which, like many another, is founded on error, that the sparrow is the only *wild* bird to be found in London, and this belief, curiously enough, is held not only by Londoners, who, were they really possessed of eyes to see, should know better, but also by most people who live in the country. There is perhaps more excuse for this than for many other popular fallacies owing to the ubiquity and self-assertiveness of the bird in question. Wherever the sparrow is found, and it is now largely distributed not only over the Old World but the New, it is, as one of our greatest ornithologists has said, a parasite of man; in fact, without man it cannot live and thrive. It will, no doubt, in default of better accommodation build its nest in a tree, but that tree must be near a human habitation, though to the sparrow it is a matter of utter indifference whether the habitation in question be a palace or a hovel. When, however, it has the chance it infinitely prefers some nook or corner of a house or out-building where it can insure what to it are in reality necessities rather than luxuries of life—warmth, and human companionship. Admitting these facts, there is surely no cause for wonder that London is the sparrow's paradise. And again, admitting the self-assertiveness of the bird—and Bewick, by-the-bye, stated, quoting, as he says, Buffon, that "its familiarity and petulance are disgusting"—it is not surprising that Londoners, or the great majority of them, have decided that it is their only wild bird, and that the rest of the world has agreed to accept their dictum as absolutely true.

As we have before stated this is an entire misconception, as not only have very many birds of different species their habitation in London, but many, nay, most, of the migrants pay it literally a flying visit. In the densely-populated parts of the city and central London the sparrow carries matters with a high hand, as it has practically no rival; here, indeed, we meet the true "London sparrow," a distinct species of sparrow as some apparently imagine, but in truth no other than *passer domesticus*, suffering from moral and physical deterioration, the result of life in a great city. The true "London sparrow" resembles in its habits no being so much as the street boy. They are both the result and outcome of life in a crowded city and have practically the same vices and foibles. Watch them in a busy street, they are thievish, self-assertive, and pugnacious. The sparrow is also the impersonation of vanity; for, notwithstanding that, like the street boy's, its coat is always dirty and often very much out-at-elbows, and that its general appearance conveys the idea that it sleeps in a chimney, and that a very crowded one, it evidently considers itself the pink of perfection, and we have no doubt looks down on its country cousin in his neat suit of brown, black, and grey as being badly dressed and generally a very inferior person. To thoroughly appreciate the vanity of the sparrow the cock bird must be seen on a sunny morning in early spring when engaged in displaying his charms to the lady of his love; then, indeed, is he in all his glory—how he struts and swells, and spreads his tail, often nothing finer than a few stunted feathers! no peacock, we are convinced, has a higher opinion of himself, or thinks himself a finer fowl. The London sparrow is generally spoken of as a wild bird, though in reality a tamer and more homely bird does not exist on the face of the earth—indeed, were it wild, in the strict sense of the term, its existence, in the crowded streets of London at least, would be a short, but certainly not a merry, one. As we have before remarked, the sparrow cannot live unless it is associated with man, but nevertheless the country sparrow is wild indeed in comparison with his London cousin, who would we are convinced were he but a few sizes larger than he is have the impudence to dispute the pavement with all passers-by. If any of our readers desire to test the tameness and familiarity of the "London sparrow," we advise them to provide themselves with a pocketful of crumbs and go to some open space—say, for example, Palace Yard, Westminster, a place where sparrows largely congregate, and scatter them on the ground. We doubt if they will not be astonished, not only at the number of sparrows that will in a very few moments assemble round them, but also at the excessive tameness of the birds; they have literally no fear of man; to them he is not an enemy, but a benefactor; they look to him for food, and have evidently no notion that he could wish to do them harm, not having—like their relations in the country—any experience of guns, batwing nets, and other devices for their destruction. As a fact, no being—a boy or a cat always excepted—has the least desire to injure a "London sparrow," and our observation leads us to believe that both these enemies are treated with well-merited contempt, their power of mischief being for obvious reasons excessively limited, as the London boy, though thoroughly possessed with the hunting instinct said to be inherent in human nature, finds his ardour always damped and his aim impaired by the fear that, should he start on a sporting expedition, he in turn may find himself the object of pursuit by his natural enemy the policeman, and the cat finds the tiles and parapets of London houses badly arranged for stalking purposes, and, with the exception of an hour or two in the very early morning, the streets, the "London sparrows' happy feeding-grounds, are absolutely impassable to him. Most open spaces in London are provided with a cab-rank, and there the sparrows receive from the cabmen their daily rations, and show no more fear of man than do the pigeons with whom in such places they always associate. Hitherto we have spoken of the true London sparrow, the bird whose home is in the crowded streets, and whose life is spent among bricks and

mortar, who knows no more of trees and fields and growing corn than does his congener the street boy. There is, however, another sparrow, of the same species be it always understood, that inhabits the suburbs and parks of London, whose coat, though not so clean and bright as that of its country cousin, is passable, and generally whole and unruffled, and looks as if the wearer took some little pride in its condition. Circumstances are no doubt in this bird's favour, as in lieu of smutty roofs it has trees on which to perch, and can always find a spot suitable for a good dust bath, the sparrow's greatest luxury. This is, however, a "London sparrow," though not so tame, and therefore not so impudent, as its city brother. In fact, while having little fear of man, there is more of the true wild bird about it, due, no doubt, to its surroundings and to the fact that it is not so directly dependent on man for food. It can, if so minded, obtain a change of diet; and, while not believing in the sparrow as an insect-eater, and therefore a benefactor to man, as some of its more ardent friends and admirers would have us believe, we must admit as a well-known fact that it does, when they are obtainable, eat, and no doubt enjoy, a few insects. Who, indeed, has not seen it on a hot summer day fluttering ludicrously in the air in an apparently frantic endeavour to emulate the fly-catcher. Another advantage that the suburban sparrow has over its brother of the city is that towards the end of summer it can, and often does, remove into the country with its family, there to live on the fat of the land until, the harvest being gathered and the nights becoming long and cold, it, like the human Londoner, returns with its belongings to town, invigorated no doubt by change of air and scene. So far we have spoken only of the sparrow's bad qualities. One good quality, however, cannot be denied it—that is, love of its family. In this it is pre-eminent among birds. Many species will, no doubt, by devices, such as pretending to be wounded, endeavour to draw a supposed enemy from their nest; but the sparrow stands alone as the bird that will, as has been proved without possibility of doubt, continue for months to feed one of its young that, being unfortunately entangled in the nest, has been unable to fly with the rest of the brood. Its nesting in London is an unmitigated nuisance. No place is sacred to it. Wherever a convenient hole can be found, there it collects the heap of rubbish, always lined with feathers if they are available, which it pleases to term a nest; and not infrequently the hole in question is the top of a water-pipe, the result being that the first heavy shower not only destroys the bird's prospect of a family, but also leads to material damage to the property and temper of its human landlord. If abused for the destruction and discomfort it causes it might, were it possessed of the power of speech, and therefore able to enter into an argument, retaliate, and say "Why not do as your forefathers did?" for Rennie, who edited Montagu's *Ornithological Dictionary*, tells us that in his time "he was not aware that any contrivance was resorted to in Britain to entice birds to build in particular places, except in the case of house sparrows," and then proceeds, "That in the vicinity of London more particularly pots of unglazed delf-ware of suboval shape, with a narrow hole for an entrance, were fixed upon the walls of houses several feet below the eaves," and adds that "the sparrows delight in, and immediately take possession of, these as nesting-places." This fashion having, in London at least, so far as we are aware, died a natural death, the sparrow can hardly be blamed for taking possession of what appear to it equally suitable building sites. No account of the sparrow, whether of town or country, would be complete unless mention were made of its pugnacity. It delights in a row whether the object relates to its own affairs or those of its neighbours. All who are in the habit of observing birds, and many who do not make them their study, must again and again have seen a group, or, perhaps a better description, a bundle, of sparrows screaming, pecking at, and falling over, one another, apparently possessed by most insensate rage. The cause of the excitement is as likely as not an altercation between two birds as to the possession of a piece of rubbish which both desire for nesting purposes. A battle begins between the interested parties, and immediately all the sparrows in the neighbourhood, though they know nothing of the bone of contention, think it their duty, like the seconds in the duels of old times, to join in the fray. The combats are, however, generally of short duration, as, after one or two good rounds, the birds' fighting ardour is apparently satisfied, and they, with one accord, separate, and return to attend to their own affairs. In conclusion, however, we must say that, impudent, mischievous, dirty, vain and pugnacious as he is, we would not for any consideration part with the "London sparrow."

CITY PARISH RECORDS.

PROBABLY there are very few people who are aware that each of the City parishes possesses MS. volumes of its own records dating back to the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, and in some cases to a still earlier period. They are generally in four series—1. The Register Book. 2. The Book of Records. 3. The Vestry Minute Book. 4. The Parish Accounts. Beyond the fact that these exist little is known about them, even by antiquarians. For eight of the parishes the "Registers" have been published, and extracts from "The Book of Records" of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, together with the Vestry Book of the latter, have, thanks to Dr. Freshfield and Mr. Wateriow, been privately printed; but the rest remain

comparatively, and in some cases wholly, unexplored. When it is remembered that at the time of the Great Fire, 1666, there were a hundred and thirteen parishes within the City and seventeen "out-parishes," and that, though some of the destroyed churches were not rebuilt, the records have been continued in an unbroken line more or less fully to the present time, it will be realized how vast a stock of unapplied information there is for the historian. From what little is known of the different Books of Record it appears that everything and anything of interest occurring in the parish was entered. This was done sometimes by the rector, sometimes by one of the churchwardens, sometimes by the clerk, and hence the entries range from such important subjects as solemn covenants made by the whole parish, and agreements about payment of tithes, down to the size of hailstones that fell at particular times. A hundred and thirty of such sets of records, extending over a period of at least three centuries, and all possessed by one city, form a store of historic detail unparalleled in the world.

Their neglect may perhaps be attributed to more than one cause. The parish officials who are the custodians, and might fifty or a hundred years ago have published from time to time the Tudor, Stuart, or Commonwealth periods, probably took a very parochial view of past events, never dreaming that a combination of some events in different parishes influenced at times the destinies of the nation. The history of the people as distinct from that of the leaders and governors of the people had not been thought of. Great results, and not a study of how results had been brought about, then formed the subject of history. Churchwardens may occasionally have occupied a little leisure in looking over what their predecessors did, what former rectors were like, and what the leading spirits of the vestry squabbled about. And they might think that it was well for their own generation that such subjects were forgotten. Then, again, and this is applicable to the present time, it is not every clerk or churchwarden, or even every rector, who could read the earlier records. It requires some experience of the style of writing, of the contractions, and of the diction to rightly understand the entries. And then, of course, had publication been contemplated, there was that ever-present question of cost in relation to probable sale. When it is recollected how recently it is that publication has been commenced in connexion with our State records, there is hardly good ground for wonder that even a city like London, with its wealthy Companies, should so long have allowed these valuable books to remain unpublished, even with the risk of their destruction at any time.

But, with the change that has taken place in the methods of dealing with historic questions, such records become of importance. There were times in which the City played a foremost part in decisions which affected the whole country. More than once Devonshire sailors seemed to hold the safety of the country in their hands; at times the Universities had a leading influence; but frequently the City by its voice has been the leader in uncertain times. Even as late as after the end of the Stuart period men who held important positions in the nation's councils were residents in the City, and took an active part in their parish affairs, serving in their turns as churchwardens and overseers; and the influence of direct contact with their fellow-parishioners would have weight with them. For example, from the records of St. Bartholomew's which have been somewhat examined, it is known that in this parish lived Sir Harbottle Grimstone, who had much to do with the restoration of Charles II., was Speaker of the Convention Parliament, and afterwards Master of the Rolls. Monk, on his return from Scotland, took a residence here just before the Restoration, and both his name and Grimstone's frequently appear in the pages of the *Book of Records* at that date in connexion with settlement of a grievance of some years' standing, which was that the lawful rector had been supplanted by an Independent, one of Cromwell's chaplains. It is a curious bit of detail history of the time. The rector was Dr. Grant. The parishioners wished for some one else in his place, and settled the matter quietly. Instead of reporting him for refusing to sign the solemn league and covenant, they agreed to allow him 50*l.* a year if they might appoint some one else to act as their minister. He complacently consented, and they selected Dr. Lightfoot, who soon left for St. Catherine's, Cambridge, and then Mr. Cawton, a Presbyterian. The Scotch Presbyterians wished for the return of the King, and Mr. Cawton openly prayed for it. For this he was imprisoned, and it was then Cromwell appointed his Independent chaplain, Sydrach Sympton. Mr. Sympton, however, preached against Cromwell's personal government, and he, too, was put in prison, and another Independent, Mr. Phillip Nye, was appointed—the same Nye that Parliament wished should attend King Charles at the time of his execution. The parishioners, who were looking forward to having their beloved Mr. Cawton again after his release, would not attend services conducted by an Independent. Mr. Nye, associating himself with a Mr. Loder, also an Independent, then proceeded to fill up the church from other parishes. In about six months' time Mr. Loder applied for his tithes, but no notice was taken. Twelve months later he applied again, and the parishioners proceeded to meet him as requested; but they confronted his appeal. They refused to pay tithes for a church filled up with a strange congregation, and even denied Mr. Loder an inspection of the tithe-books. They told him he had no more right to the pulpit than his congregation had to their pews. Loder tried to make certain concessions; but they would have nothing to do with him. When Monk came to

London he insisted that the members excluded from the "Long Parliament" should be reinstated. Sir Harbottle Grimstone was one of these, and the parishioners thought that then, with Monk in their midst, they might have their wishes attended to. Monk had not yet formally broken with the Independent party, but it was arranged that the case of Loder should be heard before the Commissioners. One of Loder's claims to the living was "the Protector's grant," and Monk had written in his favour. Now, the parish account-books show that the parishioners employed counsel to draw up a petition to Monk, setting forth grounds for his rescinding this letter; and besides "13*l.* spent at Pope's Head, in Chancery Lane, with counsel," there are entries of "Spent at several meetings about the minister," and "Money given to counsel at various times." The upshot of the whole case was that Monk did rescind his letter, Loder was adjudged to have no claim to the living, and that the parish should select some one to present to the Commissioners to appoint should they see fit. All the proceedings throughout are in minute detail, and during the time that Mr. Cawton was minister there are the names of those who were to decide what parishioners were fit to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and what rules were to guide them in their decisions. All the parish was to help in giving information to this Committee. But they appear to have grown dissatisfied with Presbyterian inquiries into their private lives and were willing to revert to church customs.

To some extent the records of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, have also been examined, and here the details of changing Presbyterian and Independent views are clearly to be traced. Could the records of all the parishes be printed, if only for the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. and the intervening Protectorate, what fresh light we should have on this eventful period! The entries at the time of the introduction of the reformed services of Edward VI. and the details about the Church ornaments are likewise of great interest, while the history of the sanitary state of the City would be found perfect if all the records are as full as those already examined. For the history of the working of the Poor-law, Dr. Freshfield, who has paid so much attention to these books, believes there are here materials full and complete that might furnish information invaluable for its future administration.

History in detail, in which individual characters come out, is often more attractive than even a most philosophically-written summary. These records have at least the merit of truthful simplicity, and it is to be sincerely hoped that before long some means may be found by which they may be available in type.

STAGE SCIENCE.

I.

THE history of stage "setting" and decoration would be an exceedingly interesting, but very intricate and difficult, one to trace to its origin. We know that in the days of the Romans great attention was paid to the matter; and the magnificent pageants in which Nero participated, and those possibly still more gorgeous the organization of which formed the chief occupation of Heliogabalus, were not only incredibly magnificent, but probably most artistic and accurate. But, after the fall of the Roman Empire, the theatre passed under the censure of the Church, and it was not until the sixteenth century that any attempt was made to restore it to anything like its former magnificence. There are evidences in the Italian, Spanish, and French chronicles, and even in our own of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that painted scenery was very largely used for the representation of "maskes," and in Italy especially to embellish the classical tragedies and comedies which the Courts of the Medicis and Este so delighted in reviving. Catherine de Medicis in 1577 introduced into France scenic decorations for the first time, when she brought from Florence Baltasarini and his orchestra of seventy violinists, a ballet, and a play, with superb scenery, and what were in those days called "machines." The ballet was entitled *The Paradise of Love*, and was given with "scandalous" splendour at Chenonceaux before Henry III., all of whose *mignons* took part in the dancing. There was a "machine" in this piece, which cost some hundreds of pounds, and which moved up to a great height, transporting, as it were, to the clouds an entire Olympus full of gods and goddesses. A feeble edition of this spectacle was simultaneously played by a company of actors at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, that earliest predecessor of the Théâtre Français, where, some fifty years later, Corneille produced some of his noblest tragedies. It was, however, only in the ballets and Court spectacles that scenery of any account was produced until the time of Louis XV. Mme. de Sévigné, in one of her "Letters," describes Mile. Champmeslé, whose name is for ever associated with that of Racine, and whom she facetiously called her "daughter-in-law," on account of a *liaison* with her son, the Marquis de Sévigné. "We have all been to see," she exclaims, "ma belle-fille, la Champmeslé, in *Bojaset*. She is ravishing. We were seated on the stage. Such a crowd of us that she had barely room to turn about." The fact was that until quite late in the first half of the eighteenth century what we now term the "swells" seated themselves upon the stage, leaving only a small space for the actors to perform, and sometimes this was so confined that on one occasion Baron had not room to fall down dead, and so ran off and expired in the green-room.

The following very curious notes of the scenery and properties deemed necessary at the Royal Theatre in Paris in 1675 will give an idea of how little attention was paid to this matter. For the production of *Les Horaces*, by P. Corneille, "A palace of any kind in the first act; an armchair in the second act; two armchairs, two stools, and a big chair for the king in the last act." For *Andromaque* all that is needed is a "palace with columns; in the background the sea." For *Le Misanthrope* of Molière "any kind of chamber, six chairs, and two candlesticks. The same will do for *Tartufe*." In England things were a little better; for, in 1642, Mr. Tom Coryate, "the leg-stretcher," writing from Venice, says "the house here is beggarly and base in comparison with our stately houses in London. Neither can their actors compare with ours in apparel, show, and music." There were eight theatres in London in the reign of Charles II.; and Punch's Playhouse, in Covent Garden, gave exceedingly elaborate performances, if we may judge from the following bill for the night of July 8th, 1664, when the *Fall of Man* was produced—

with a variety of scenes and machines, particularly the scene of paradise in its primitive state, with birds, beasts, and all its ancient inhabitants; the subtlety of the serpent in betraying Adam and Eve, &c., with a variety of diverting interludes, too many to be inserted here. No person to be admitted with masks and riding-habits, nor any money to be returned after the curtain is up. Boxes two shillings, and pit one shilling, all beginning exactly at seven o'clock.

Some efforts were made in Paris early in the last century to produce plays accurately, and considerable sums of money were spent upon the scenery and dresses. In 1758 Lemierre's tragedy of *Hypermnestre*, with Le Kain in the principal part, was produced, a single scene costing 2,000*l*. Le Kain, however, was dressed as a courtier of the time of Louis XV. Greater attention was paid to accuracy of costume in the great ballets which were performed at Court, and some of the dresses cost immense sums of money.

The period of Louis XV. has been called artificial; but the period of the Revolution was doubly so. Robespierre, dressed up as a Pagan priest, and offering incense to a prostitute enthroned on the high altar of a cathedral, is a histrion acting a part. So is Camille Desmoulins preaching Brutus; so is Danton screaming liberty; and so is Marat ordering wholesale massacres of women and children. Talma said he never knew such an actor as Marat. "He was always acting and grimacing." One day David, the artist, advised Talma, the actor, to cut his hair short à la Titus, and forthwith everybody shook the powder off their heads and pigtails, and appeared with their hair of the natural colour, cut very short, like that of the old Romans. From this moment the reformation in stage costume begins. Under Napoleon the theatres which had been closed during the Revolution began to reopen, and there was a universal theatrical revival all over Europe; but the popular plays and operas were almost all founded upon classical legends and histories. In Paris Talma was the hero of the masses as Titus, Cinna, and Cato. In Milan they sang at the Scala *Attilio Regolo*, *Fausta*, *La Vestale*, and *Agrippina*. These pieces required backgrounds. The Cavaliere Appiani, of Milan, furnished them. To him we owe the peculiar style of scene-painting which remained in vogue until about twenty-five years ago. He was an imitator of David. Sometimes at the Scala, when some old opera is being produced—*Medea*, *La Vestale*, or Donizetti's *Fausta*—they trot out some of Appiani's original scenery, with its endless colonnades, its frigid basilicas, and rigid temples.

The French scene-painters understand much better than our own, that the scenery should be the background to the pictures made by the players. Therefore, it should never be cold in tone or very distinct in detail. If the background of a scene is painted too distinctly, it is brought too close to the spectator, and the effect of distance and size is lost. This is the chief defect of the Lyceum scenery. It is too realistic, and the background too distinct. Some time ago, in *Round the World in Eighty Days*, we saw the exterior of an Indian temple in the ballet scene. It was perfectly correct in style and detail, but being painted in the lightest possible key and in the most delicate colours, it appeared to stretch out in limitless size and magnificence. Accuracy is admirable and absolutely necessary, but let it be toned and kept within bounds. A great authority, M. Regnier, says:—"Let our artists bear this rule in mind—paint your immediate foregrounds as minutely as you please, but let the backgrounds of all large subjects be vapoury and slightly indistinct."

RACING.

THE week after Doncaster is usually supposed to be a quiet one, and yet on the late occasion there were several interesting and important races in the course of it. At Ayr, the Jubilee Ayrshire Handicap of 1,000*l*., the richest stake that had ever been run for in Scotland, produced a splendid finish between Sorrento, Candelmas (who ran very well under his heavy weight), and King Milan, there being only a head between the first and second, and a neck between the second and third. Sorrento had won a small handicap in May, but he had been beaten on eight other occasions this season, and for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, when carrying 6 st. 4 lbs., he had finished last but one. He was now carrying 6 st. 12 lbs., and he started at 12 to 1. At Manchester, General Owen Williams's Financier was supposed to be a

"good thing" for the Palatine Welter Handicap, and he started at 7 to 2, yet he did not finish in the first half-dozen. The race was won by The Gloamin. He had not won the Portland Plate when receiving weights, varying from 25 lbs. downwards, from nine of his competitors. He now won when giving weight to every other horse in the race, except one six-year-old. It is only fair to say that his dozen opponents did not form a very brilliant party. Mr. Abington's two-year-old Maidenhead, who had won four races, met with his first defeat in the race for the September Plate. Yet it was no disgrace, as he was giving a stone to the winner, Mr. J. B. Leigh's Monymusk, a novice, by Sterling out of Wild Duchess, that had cost 1,300 guineas as a yearling. Defeat but not disgrace, again, was the fate of Mr. Peck's Socrates on the following day, when beaten a head by Mr. R. C. Vyner's Reverie, to whom he was giving a stone. Sir George Arthur's Brother to Rosy Morn, of whom we shall have more to say presently, ran a dead heat with him for second place. Lord Londonderry's smart colt, Hazlebatch, by Hermit out of Hazledean, won the Breeders' Foal Stakes when giving a great deal of weight to the second and third. It was, however, a very unsatisfactory race, as Satiety and Pull Together, who should have been excellent trial horses, were left behind at the starting-post. S. Loates, the rider of Satiety, said that the colt whipped round at the starting-post; whereupon his master reported this to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who consulted the starter upon the subject. After hearing all the evidence obtainable, the Stewards fined the jockey 25*l*. for making false statements. This was Hazlebatch's second race, and second victory, the two stakes being together worth 2,204*l*.; a sum which repaid, with interest, the 1,750 guineas which he cost as a yearling.

The great series of autumn meetings at Newmarket opened in showery weather. On the first day of the First October Meeting, Sir George Arthur's Brother to Rosy Morn won the Hopeful Stakes pretty easily from Her Majesty, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom; but it was said that the filly was coughing, and the colt had 6 lbs. the best of the weights, allowing for sex. The winner had been bought at Mr. Carew Gibson's sale of yearlings last year for 1,000 guineas. Lord Calthorpe ran his smart two-year-old filly, Seabreeze, for two races in succession—an unusual proceeding—and won them both. "Mr. Manton's" Oberon, the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, beat Argo Navis, Grey Friars, and two other horses, over the Ditch-in Course of over two miles, for the Produce Stakes for four-year-olds. The Great Foal Stakes of 1,555*l*. was considered a fine point between Lord Calthorpe's Florentine and the Duke of Beaufort's Réve d'Or; but the filly won easily by two lengths, and it was generally thought (and not for the first time) that the colt showed a want of gameness. Taylor deserves great credit for keeping Réve d'Or in full training throughout this singularly trying racing season.

On the Wednesday, the hitherto unlucky Braw Lass won the Great Eastern Railway Handicap of 730*l*., with 6 to 1 laid against her. Lisbon, who is in the same stable, was as good a favourite as anything, on the strength of his hollow victory for the Portland Plate at Doncaster; but he was unplaced. Lord Zetland's two-year-old Caerlaverock gave the Duke of Beaufort's Hark 5 lbs. and a beating for the Third Zetland Stakes. Sir R. Jardine's Wise Man had made such an example of a field of ten two-year-olds at Derby that he was made favourite for the Granby Plate; but "Mr. Manton's" A Life's Mistake, who had won the Corporation Stakes at Brighton, beat him by half a length. We may observe here that Wise Man again disappointed his backers on the following day by running second for the Rutland Plate after odds had been laid on him; but that on the Friday he at last rewarded them by winning a race. "Mr. Manton's" Timothy won the Triennial Produce Stakes with 5 to 1 laid on him, although he had to be shaken up in the Abingdon Bottom to get away from Maxim. The next day, Seabreeze, none the worse for winning two races in succession on the Tuesday, beat Anarch when receiving 3 lbs. for a Produce Stakes, which either showed her improvement or Anarch's deterioration, for Anarch had beaten her in the spring when giving her 10 lbs. Sir George Arthur won another race with his Brother to Rosy Morn, although the colt was giving from 13 lbs. to 2 st. to all his opponents, among whom were four winners. The Newmarket October Handicap of 1,000*l*. was won by Mr. T. Valentine's St. Helen, a filly by Springfield, that had run second for the Oaks. She was receiving 33 lbs. from Oberon, and 35 lbs. from Kinsky, so it was no extraordinary performance; but Theodore, the winner of the Alexandra Plate at Doncaster, ran a good race with her at about weight for age and sex. Mr. Vyner's Gloriation won his sixth race of the season in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, for which he was opposed by Cabal only at even weights; whereas he is handicapped to give that colt 16 lbs. for the Cambridgeshire. On the last day of the meeting, Caerlaverock was beaten a head at 3 lbs. by Sky Pilot for the Rous Memorial Stakes. The winner is by Sky Lark out of Ada Mary by Man at Arms, his granddam having had Harkaway and Venison blood in her veins. As he had been beaten four times, he started at about 14 to 1. The mere fact of running about equal to Caerlaverock does not place Sky Pilot in the first class, and a week earlier he had only been third to Hazlebatch, when receiving 12 lbs.; but he is probably capable of a good deal of improvement, and his bone, power, and quality pleased the critics. Simon Pure ran very badly, and so did the Duke of Westminster's Orbit. Before starting for the Moulton Handicap, Sir George Chetwynd's Whitefriar, as usual, showed temper; but he won the race (and the nice long odds of 10 to 1) easily by a length from Beaver, to whom he was giving 2 st. 2 lbs.

On the sentence of expulsion from Newmarket Heath passed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club upon the Marquess of Ailesbury for giving orders to a jockey, on more than one occasion, "not to win," it is unnecessary that we should enlarge; but we cannot refrain from congratulating the Stewards on having done their duty without flinching under very disagreeable circumstances. Henceforth, no one will be able to say that in the Jockey Club—one of the most aristocratic tribunals in the world—there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

WHERE THE LETTERS ARE NOT.

A PRETTY and instructive individual combat in the great Battle of the Spooks occurs in the August and October numbers of the *Nineteenth Century*. The combatants are Mr. Taylor Innes and Mr. Edmund Gurney, who, forsaking a curious Spooklike tradition of considerable standing, has written the "reply" all by himself, instead of in collaboration with a fellow "Researcher" (the word is their own). Mr. Taylor Innes entitled his article "Where are the Letters?" and the most important parts of it were to the following effect. In a considerable number of the cases of alleged appearance of Spooks the persons who say they perceived them also say that they immediately wrote letters giving accounts of them, and posted them before they heard the confirmation of the suggested events affecting the originals of the Spooks. The production of such letters would, if they were dated or had post-marks, be nearly conclusive evidence that the Spooks appeared as alleged. In a few cases not only did the percipients of Spooks write letters, but letters crossing theirs were written to inform them of the events which the Spooks signalized. The production of such pairs of crossing letters would practically settle the question. Non-crossing letters from the percipients would probably be preserved because of their curiosity. Crossing letters would almost certainly be preserved. Yet in no single case do such letters appear to have been produced to the authors of *Phantasms of the Living*. This, said Mr. Innes, is exceedingly strong evidence that the Spooks never really appeared, and that the alleged letters were never really written. It might happen in any given instance that the letters could not be produced, but it could not happen in all the instances discoverable by the S. P. R. for any reason except that there were no letters to produce. There was more in Mr. Innes's article, which, from the point of view of controversial art, was perhaps a pity; but that was far the most damaging point he made, and was really the substance of his contention.

A great part of Mr. Gurney's reply is off the vital point. He argues with much ingenuity that in several cases mentioned by Mr. Innes, where there were no letters, the stories are more valuable as evidence of Spooks than Mr. Innes admits. On these minor questions his readers will form their own conclusions. The point of general interest is how he meets the argument stated above. In order to exhibit his defence, it is necessary to refer to some half-dozen individual cases. No. 163.—A clergyman at Limerick dreamt at 3.5 A.M. that he saw his "chum" in Dublin "as passing to the light above, and with a smile of farewell." He "spent the day in sadness," and wrote to his sister asking her what time his chum died. "The following morning," says the clergyman, "I received a letter from my sister stating that at three minutes past five he had quietly passed away." Where are the letters? asks Mr. Innes. Produce them, and your story is proved. Mr. Gurney makes no answer at all as to the whereabouts of the letters. He says, however, "Case 163.—I cannot think it strange if the Rev. W. J. B.'s letter did not strike his sister in the light of a piece of 'psychical' evidence, which she was bound to preserve. But it is quite equally probable that he did not write it before he received her letter announcing the death. The idea of the crossing is an extremely likely one to grow up afterwards, as it rounds off the case in a way that pleases the imagination." We concur with Mr. Gurney, and are further of opinion that the idea of the Spook is an extremely likely one to grow up afterwards, as it rounds off the case in a way that pleases the imagination. A story known as No. 315 is justly described by Mr. Innes as "a very strong case." A gentleman at Shanghai had two sisters, one at Canton and another in Jersey. He and the Canton sister simultaneously saw the Spook of the Jersey sister, and wrote to each other letters saying so which crossed. The Canton lady said, "I am sure dear Fanny is gone." She was; and at the appropriate time. Where are the letters? The whole of Mr. Gurney's answer is, "In Case 315 the alleged crossing is of minor importance. And Mr. de G.'s recollection of receiving a description of his sister's vision is surely some confirmation of her statement that it took place." No one said it was not. Mr. Innes's contention is that two such remarkable letters would probably be producible, and that neither of them is produced. Mr. Gurney neither disputes the first proposition—except generally—nor denies the second. In Case 182 a young lady says she saw the Spook of an acquaintance on a ship, and wrote about it to her father, from the Cape, "before the news of the death reached me." Her father cannot find the letter, but he had written to her telling her of the death before he received it. Where can it be? Mr. Gurney is more explicit this time. He does not think it is anywhere, or ever was. "In spite of the recollection of the two witnesses, that the letters crossed, the sentences quoted from Miss J.—'s letter

of June 5 [in answer to her father's] convey a strong impression that this was her first epistolary mention of the occurrence." If this is so, it is a pity that Mr. Gurney did not find it out before he informed the world in his book that the lady wrote about the Spook before hearing of the death, in order to confirm by independent evidence her statement that she saw the Spook. No. 35 is a particularly pleasing story of an engaged clergyman who saw the Spook of his absent sweetheart going upstairs, and ran after it and hugged it. Simultaneously she, going upstairs far away, was pursued and hugged by the Spook of her lover. They wrote to each other about it, and the letters crossed. Some years later they looked over their old letters, and found these particular ones, and destroyed them. Mr. Gurney says, "In Case 35, knowing the witnesses, I think it not unlikely [?] that the letters did really cross, and I have no doubt whatever that they were destroyed a few years ago in the manner described." Mr. Innes does not know the witnesses, nor does the public; and Mr. Gurney's certitude is not a satisfactory reason for the wanton destruction in cold blood of such very curious and interesting documents. There is only one other case discovered by Mr. Innes in *Phantasms of the Living* in which the letters are said to have crossed. It is a picturesque story about a Correspondent in the Franco-German war, whose wife saw his Spook accented under some "brilliant green trees" by soldiers in disguise, one of whom had bushy black whiskers. He was, and the descriptive letters are said to have crossed (No. 445). Mr. Innes would like to know where they are. Mr. Gurney takes no notice at all of the demand.

The foregoing is a faithful account of the whole of the vital part of the controversy; but it is proper to add a reference to a story concerning which Mr. Gurney improves upon the position taken up in his book. Mr. Innes said:—"In No. 197 a distinguished authoress, then abroad, hoped to show her diaries when she returned, but has been for years in this country without doing it, and apparently without being asked to do it." Mr. Gurney retorts that she has not been in this country for years, but for less than a year, and that she cannot show her diaries, partly because they are in a Pantechneon, and partly because they are of a period later than the alleged Spook. But she more than compensates for this mishap, because she has been able to produce a "contemporary account of her experience" in the shape of a letter which she wrote to her sister. This letter, in accordance with a reprehensible practice not unknown among distinguished authors at home and abroad, is dated "Wednesday," but it "ends by referring to the satisfactory character of the latest news respecting the person who died." Presuming that this was the person whose Spook was alleged to have been perceived, and that news of that person satisfactory to the distinguished author was also satisfactory to the person, and that the letter, which Mr. Gurney does not quote, fairly supports the inference which his mention of it suggests, it appears probable that Mr. Innes may be forced to amend the passage in his article, "How many are there of the seven hundred cases of psychical research . . . in which the indefatigable editors have 'seen or ascertained' a letter or document issued at the time by the narrator, so as to prove his story to be true? The answer must be Not one," by omitting the word "Not" and substituting a capital letter for the small one at the beginning of the word "one." In another story, No. 19, where there is an entry in a diary slightly differing from "another account," and where there is alleged to have been a letter, Mr. Gurney answers Mr. Innes's inquiry as to where the letter is by saying that the difference between the diary and the other account is immaterial.

The whole dispute being now fairly before our readers, they must settle for themselves who has the best of it. In case any of them—and some people's prejudices are extraordinarily tough—should declare for Mr. Innes, it may not be out of place to offer an explanation of that gentleman's difficulties which is consistent with belief in Mr. Gurney's Spooks. It is well known that Spooks have the greatest possible (and most legitimate) objection to be cross-examined, investigated, and "tested" by the common rules of evidence, or anything approaching to them. Is it not probable that, if they exist, whenever they find that letters, the production of which would prove their existence, have been written, they may themselves destroy them? If the letters were allowed to continue in existence they would prove the existence of the Spooks. If the existence of the Spooks were proved everybody would acknowledge it. If everybody acknowledged it two terrible results would follow—namely, (1) that there would no longer be any merit in believing in Spooks any more than there is now in believing in rain; and (2) that the Society for Spooklike Research would be *functus* (or *functa*) *officio*, and its members would have nothing better to do than dispose of the premises in Dean's Yard and go about their business.

EXHIBITIONS, &c.

AN invitation to visit a collection of pictures intended as prizes in an Art Union promises at first sight but little pleasure; even if, somewhat unreasonably, the word Art Union nevertheless conjures up without fail a disagreeable vision of commercial speculation, of chromolithographic art, of catchpenny subjects, and of the stupid mechanical execution of the furniture picture. One naturally expects to see but little really good work or refined technique, hardly any new and original research, and almost no

serious feeling for style. The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colour, however, are about to open an Art Union which deserves none of the suspicion attaching to such an undertaking. Many of the works of art contributed by R.A.s, R.I.s, and other artists may now be seen in the galleries of the Institute. They form a collection quite as serious in character as the regular exhibitions of the Institute itself. Here are pictures of price by painters of renowned name and high position, work by men who are in the front of the movement towards greater distinction of style, and more than one canvas in which well-known exhibitors have surpassed their ordinary practice. Though many of the pictures have been painted expressly for this occasion, the frequenter of galleries will recognize others which have figured in various exhibitions. More than a thousand works of art are offered in prizes, and every subscriber, in addition to his chance of securing one of them, will receive a photogravure of Sir J. Linton's "Declaration of War." Conspicuous among the oils is a large marine by Mr. H. Macallum, entitled "Low Tide on the Harbour Bar" (70). The sea has been treated with truth and power, the brush-work is vigorous, and the only weakness of the picture comes from the unatmospheric redness and flimsy texture of the boat and figures. If Mr. J. Aumonier's "Dolgarrog Mill" (59) cannot compare with his later work in elegance and freedom of execution, it shows at least the same power of observation and the same sincere love of nature. Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Wittenham Clumps" (89) we have seen before, and it is not a picture one would be apt to forget. One of his finest works in grandeur of conception, and perhaps painted with more solidity than is usual with him, it nevertheless suffers from a certain want of dignity and simplicity in the treatment. The sky is the finest he has ever painted, escaping, as it does, his usual tightness and over-elaboration; but the handling of the near cornfield presents a stiff and formal realization of small masses somewhat out of keeping with the size and nobility of the composition. Mr. Wetherbee follows Jules Breton in the sentiment and in the workmanship of his harvest scene (65), and Mr. Edwin Hayes repeats his usual convention in "Dutch Boats Waiting a Signal to Beach, Scheveningen" (63). Other than these large canvases will be apt to attract the guinea of the art lover, even though they appeal less loudly to the gambling instinct. Smaller canvases show, some of them completeness and consistency of style, some of them feeling and poetry in the conception. Mr. E. Waterloo takes a successful excursion into the regions of fancy with "The Bathers" (32). Mr. R. Macbeth's incomprehensible "Early Morning in the Fens" (40) can be nothing if it is not poetical. Mr. F. Murray's "Rainham Creek" (99) is a graceful convention, consistently carried out; Mr. Colin Hunter's "At Anchor" (29) a lively yet unexaggerated sketch; and Mr. John White's "Hearts of Oak" (23) a strong study of winter trees, full of rich decorative colour. Mr. Cotman shows both feeling and accomplishment in his "Mending the Lock" (33), and in his small mellow interior (111). Clever and elegant workmanship chiefly characterizes Mr. Parton's smartly handled "Thames at Mapledurham" (14), Mr. Rickatson's squarely touched "Common Rights" (45), and Mr. G. Clausen's French-looking "Orchard in August" (1). More completely, perhaps, than any one Mr. Champion Jones combines the qualities of style, truth, and natural mystery in his charming and poetic "On the River Lea" (17). This little gem excels in the appropriateness of its handling to its sentiment, in the proportion of the detail to the composition, in the judiciousness of the foreground definition, and in a soft beauty of the aerial envelope which makes many good works in its neighbourhood appear hard and unnatural. The water-colours deserving attention are too numerous to mention with fulness. Mr. McWhirter's "Showery Weather" (352) is unusually careful and true to nature; a grey distance wrapped in vapour, wind, and rain gives value to a foreground minute, yet large in effect and broad in tone. Mr. Boughton's "A Moment's Rest Uphill" (151) is admirably drawn and almost perfect as a piece of decoration. Mr. E. S. Calvert's "Landscape" (212) makes a spot of singularly delicate colour. Mr. East's "Beyond Repair" (258), Mr. Huson's (335), and Mr. C. Lambert's "Sunshine" (369) are largely conceived and largely executed. Lively sketches come from Mr. Montbard with "A Study in the Morven" (348), from Mr. T. Collier with "Landscape" (358), and from Miss Aumonier with "The Thames near Bussey, Oxford" (169). Good work in one or other medium comes from Messrs. A. Hacker, W. Langley, M. Fisher, E. Arden, Rupert Stevens, F. Althaus, and several more.

Everybody should see the exhibition of the Photographic Society at the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour, and artists perhaps more than any one. The painter must see the necessity of cultivating style as well as observation if he is to add anything to such studies of the figure as those by Messrs. Mendelssohn, F. Muller, W. J. Byrne and Co., and J. Blair Scott, or to the landscape views by the School of Military Engineering, by Mr. H. Toller, by Mr. H. P. Robinson, and by Mr. Vernon Heath. Seeing, too, how much of the actual construction of things, how much even of the mystery of light, can be rendered by mechanical processes, the public will perceive perhaps that the secret of the charm of art must depend on style and the servants of style—handling and schemes of colour. They will begin to believe with true artists that these qualities of paint correspond to certain moods of the mind, and can be made to agree with some key of feeling or to express some general sentiment. Those

who are interested in the reproductive processes, such as photogravure—and who is not?—will be able to see and compare specimens of all the latest inventions. Here are excellent examples of autogravure, by the Autotype Company; of photogravure, by Messrs. Boussois & Valadon; of the orthochromatic photograph (untouched), by Messrs. Dixon & Gray, as well as of many other developments of photography. Messrs. Dixon & Gray's system seems wonderfully successful, judging by the delicacy with which they have photographed Turner's, Greuze's, and modern pictures, as well as Sassoferrato's intensely coloured Madonna in the National Gallery. Messrs. Boussois & Valadon show both the photograph of Mr. L. Fildes's "Venetian Flower-girl" and the photogravure taken from it. Considerable manipulation of the plate appears to have been necessary to get rid of evidences of impasto, and more especially of false tone, the result of vivid colour which has photographed too dark or too light. Such labour, in which there is always a risk of mistake, might apparently be almost entirely dispensed with by using Messrs. Dixon & Gray's system for the original photograph—that is, if they are always sure of approaching the tone of their originals as nearly as they have done in the present cases. Finally, the agreeable varieties of colour which have been lately attained in Platinotype are worth noticing, and also the vast array of apparatus of the latest kind which is shown broadcast on all the tables.

THE AUSTRIAN ALPS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

THE last twenty years have wrought a great change in the social life of the German and the Austrian Alps. In the old times they contained a few well-known places of summer resort, where the fashionable life of the capitals was resumed amid the scent of the firwoods and the sound of the waterfalls. When you had left these behind you, you came into direct contact with peasants and mountaineers whose life strangely resembled in many respects that which Wordsworth loved and delineated so well. The pedlar still went his rounds; the beggar, with hair authentically grey, still wandered from village to village, a welcome guest, since, in exchange for his simple meal and homely bed, he had news to tell about kinsfolk who had settled in some other valley, or messages to deliver from them. The aged schoolmaster was often a pleasant companion, though younger specimens of the species were carefully to be avoided, and little maidens as charming and simple as Lucy Gray might be met on the mountain-side or at the cottage-door.

The resemblance was not entirely fanciful or accidental. The Eastern Alps as well as Wordsworth's country were inhabited by a peasantry that worked hard, lived frugally, and were steeled by the frequent contact with danger; in both village was separated from village, and still more valley from valley, so that a few hundred well-known persons made up the whole world of the child who was reared among the mountains. In Austria the mountaineer knew that there was an emperor in Vienna and a pope in Rome, much as he knew that there was a Madonna in Heaven; but all three loomed upon him only through the haze of fancy, and of the three Our Lady was nearest and dearest. He could pray to her, he had a firm trust that she would befriend him in the hour of his utmost need, and he had no doubt that he should see her with his own eyes on that day when all days had for him an end. He never even imagined that he could stand in such a personal relation to pope or kaiser, but he was perfectly ready to fight and die for them. Thus his creed was very different from that of the Cumberland dalesman, yet the seclusion in which both lived brought about a similarity in the essential elements of their character. The spirit of personal independence was so strong in both that they were apt to become either obstinate or overbearing; they had a great respect for rank, even for shades of it which were unintelligible to a stranger; and their local patriotism was warm and disinterested. Though they knew little and cared less about the politics of the outside world, they were keenly alive to the interests of their own villages, and often showed great shrewdness in managing their affairs.

The point, however, in which the mountain inhabitants of both countries displayed the greatest similarity was the silent and reserved intensity of their passions. Every emotion had to be concealed, because each inhabitant of the little world was known to all the rest, and purely personal affection or enmity appeared a matter of supreme importance to men and women who were ignorant of the intrigues of courts and the strife of cabinets. Hence the thwarted love or the family quarrel was elevated to the dignity of tragedy, not only in the eyes of the principal actors, but also in those of their neighbours. This condition of mind and feeling has never found an adequate literary expression, except in the best work of Wordsworth. The very baldness of his diction was necessary to express the self-centred and sternly suppressed passion of men whose lives had to be worked out in the midst of grand scenery, it is true, but also amid sordid surroundings.

Yet it is probable that even the poet would at first have been struck with the difference rather than the similarity between the two populations. Whether the cause lay in their race, their religion, or their diet—and all these explanations have been suggested—we cannot pause to inquire; but it is certain that the inhabitants of the Austrian Alps were more given to pleasure than the dalesmen.

However hard the work of the week might be, Sunday brought its social gatherings, its song, and generally its dance. These were a recognized part of the pleasant routine of the day, as much as the morning service, and the authorities had hitherto discovered nothing to blame in them. Many a village priest could touch the zither as deftly and sing the mountain songs as cheerily as any of his parishioners. Everybody was pleased to see him enter the inn-parlour, and no one imagined that there was any inconsistency between the chat and music of the evening and the morning's sermon. What would have become of Burns, one wonders, if he had been born in such surroundings? A useless question; but it seems probable that his life would have been happier and his name forgotten. He might have been contented with the kiss of the maiden beneath whose window he sang his newest verses, and the applause of those who gathered round a tavern table where a light wine took the place of whisky, and a Holy Willie had never been seen. His name might have been forgotten while his songs were still remembered, spreading, as songs will do in the Alps when once they have caught the popular ear, from *ahn* to *ahn*, from village to village, and from province to province. Many poets have lived and died thus, as the great wealth of popular Alpine poetry proves.

Some twenty years ago it was not a rare thing to meet in the flesh a countryman who was expert both in verse and music, and, though he could not of course be compared with Burns, had a real talent for broad humour or simple pathos, or for both. Sometimes he was considerably out of elbows, but more frequently he was a peasant of substance, who had sung the wife he wanted into his house and who occupied a high position in the village. His neighbours admired and enjoyed his tunes and songs much as they did the clear tenor of his younger brother, without attributing any merit to either. Did they not both come by nature? So he lived, brought up his family honestly, and died without it ever occurring to him that he was a person of any note.

One used to meet such men, because in those days the traveller was brought into the society of the people who had not yet learned to regard his goldens as a part of the summer harvest. If they came they were welcomed as a windfall, which it would be foolish to reject, but still more foolish to reckon upon in calculating one's income. The guide who led the stranger over the heights abandoned his usual day's work to do so, and had probably learned his local knowledge on poaching or smuggling excursions. He was not a walking encyclopedia of the botany, geology, and antiquities of the district; but he knew where game lay and where the best known flowers were to be found, and he had stories of adventure to tell and songs to sing. It was a point of honour with him to render your excursion as safe and pleasant as possible; but in order to do this the more conveniently he respectfully asserted his authority. He examined your shoes and tested your alpenstock before starting, and insisted on regulating your pace and fixing your halting-places. You might treat him as a temporary servant or as a companion; he was equal to both positions, and seemed to be indifferent as to which you assigned to him. He could not be compared with the best Swiss guides, but the real work of his life lay in some other vocation, and he was therefore perfectly independent in his dealings with strangers. In the same way the girl that waited at table was the daughter of the host or of some substantial peasant who had come to the inn for a few months to perfect her knowledge of domestic cookery, and who gave her services in exchange for her board and instruction. She had to be treated with respect and not as a menial. A neglect of this fact led to a great deal of the hostility with which Berlin excursionists used to be regarded in the Austrian Alps, and gave rise to innumerable contemptuous songs.

The passing pedestrian was always gladly welcomed to the best male society of the place. Every one was ready to supply him with information and to further his views, and if he had a knowledge of any branch of natural history, he must have been remarkably unlucky if in the course of a few days' wandering he did not meet with some one whose spontaneous interest in the subject and whose large local knowledge did not more than make amends for his lack of scientific training, and who was always eager to do his utmost for any one who shared the tastes which most of his neighbours probably regarded as an innocent form of lunacy.

A single man who wished to remain for a summer in one of the less frequented villages found little difficulty in doing so. A room either in the inn or one of the adjoining cottages was easily to be found, and, though the bed was hard and the linen rough, everything was scrupulously clean. The fare, though homely and very un-English, was wholesome and well cooked; and the stranger was regarded rather as a guest than as a lodger. For families the difficulties, of course, were greater, but they were often overcome.

The art students of Munich some thirty years ago used often to spend their summers in the mountains, and regarded the outing as a means of reducing their expenditure as well as increasing their skill. Their plan was simple. They made an arrangement with some peasant, by which a room in his house was given them; they ate at his table, and were in every respect treated as one of the family, except that they were not expected to work. The terms were very moderate; and the visit might have produced nothing but satisfaction to all parties if the young artist had not

so often been tempted to bring back a wife as well as a portfolio full of studies to his humble studio. It is difficult to induce Edelweiss to keep its colour when it is removed to the plains, and more difficult to transplant an Alpine maiden to a city without impairing her charm.

To Radicals it may seem that the kind of life which we have attempted to sketch belongs to that lower stage of civilization, in which the priest is not considered a natural enemy nor the fact that a person occupies an official position regarded as a just reason for looking upon him with suspicion, to those old, outlived times, in fact, in which it was thought well that every one should mind his own business, take his own pleasure, and bring up his own family in the fear and admonition of the Lord. We are disposed to agree with Mr. Ruskin in thinking that a good deal may be said for the old order of things—at least, they pleased us better.

We are far from denying that there are villages still and even whole valleys, which have not yet been overflowed by tourists, and where the old life runs its quiet round; but those who know any such, and can feel their charm, will do well to keep their existence a secret even from their most intimate friends.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

DURING the past week Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale's drama, *Our Joan*, has been produced for the first time in London at the Grand Theatre, Islington, with satisfactory results. It is in three acts, of which the first two are perhaps the best, the third being a little melodramatic, in the conventional sense of the term, when compared with the excellent work which has preceded it. That this defect does not diminish the success of a piece which has completely pleased more than one kind of audience is proved by the enthusiastic manner in which it is received. The plot of this successful play deals with the always telling theme of an unequal match and the subsequent troubles which ensue when a lassie of lowly degree is married to a "gentleman of birth and fortune," and is rather snobbishly commanded by him to break off all connexion with her lowly, yet honourable and kindly, family of fisher-folk; and is introduced into a world totally different from the one she has hitherto been accustomed to, and which is in every way unsympathetic to her. The result is unhappiness on her side and jealousy on the husband's; for a clandestine interview between his wife and her brother is interpreted by him as an offence which leads him to call her an insulting name. Stung to the quick, Joan returns to her old home, where in due time she is sought out by her repentant husband. Her pride, however, has been too greatly injured, and she commands him to leave her presence and re-embark upon his yacht, on board which he is entertaining a certain Lady Ruth Burney, of whom Joan is exceedingly jealous. Arthur, who is sincere in his repentance, and wounded by the harsh manner in which he has been received, at once obeys, notwithstanding a terrific storm. Presently news is brought that the yacht is in great danger; and Joan, who, in this matter, follows Grace Darling, at once rushes off to the rescue, and we see her in the last scene of all in the lifeboat, amid roaring billows, saving, at the risk of her own, the life of her impetuous and rather unsatisfactory husband. The construction of the first two acts is excellent—the dialogue is terse and interesting, and the delineation of the characters skilful. In the last act the action, however, is somewhat too hurried, and has about it a certain air of unreality which is perhaps to be deplored. The piece is well put upon the stage, and all the details of the very elaborate shipwreck, with its lighthouse and tempest-tossed sea, are remarkably realistic. Miss Amy Roselle as the heroine acted in her well-known forcible and pathetic manner as Joan. The part suits her perfectly, but she is decidedly at her best in the *dénouement* of the second act, when she proudly leaves her husband's roof to return to her grandfather's cottage. Very few actresses now before the public would have rendered this difficult situation with so much force and such genuine feeling. Mr. Dacre, too, is well suited for the part of the lover, Arthur Meredith, and acted with so much skill and manly dignity as to efface in a measure the disagreeable impression produced by his unworthy treatment of his wife. Mr. C. W. Garthorne does very well as Captain Brandon, and delivers some smart lines with telling effect.

At the Novelty Theatre a "new and improbable comedy," called *Fascination*, was produced on Thursday afternoon by its authors, Miss Harriett Jay and Mr. Robert Buchanan. The fact that it is termed an "improbable" comedy disarms criticism. As a farce in one act it would be perhaps amusing; but running as it does upon the theme so often used in the last century, of a lady disguising herself as a man and mixing in questionable society in order to watch the proceedings of her lover, it has the misfortune of being hampered from the start with an objectionable feature which we had hoped was now entirely removed from the modern stage. The spectacle of a lady in male attire, smoking, drinking, and gambling, and otherwise "carrying on," is not edifying. There is one impersonation, however, in this piece which is so excellent as to deserve special notice. Nothing funnier has been seen for a

long time than Mr. Edward Righton's droll performance of a good-natured innocent little curate whom everybody likes and everybody laughs at, but who is drawn by force of circumstances into fast society. The bashfulness, the evident desire to please, and the intense gratification when, to his surprise, the young ladies accost him as "dear," provoked uncontrolled laughter, and made one regret that so amusing an impersonation had not been introduced into a better play.

HAND AND EYE.

THE mysterious relation existing between hand and eye is like the rest of life and growth. Most wonderful in itself, it excites comparatively very little wonder. To one set of observers the effects of its work are so natural and habitual that there seems nothing to explain. To another set, the actual nexus between eye and hand (if we can think of these organs separately) or the intimate association between them (if we regard them as inseparable) is beyond all explanation. Still, the subject may be worth a little consideration. Though we cannot define the nature of the partnership, the business done is often very interesting.

That such a one has a "good eye" and that another is a "handy fellow" are, of course, everyday terms. Sometimes a most unhandy man may have a true enough eye for such a thing as the even hanging of a picture, or an otherwise really good workman may have a very poor eye for an alignment even in his own line of business. One need not look abroad for eyes without hands, and hands without eyes are generally to be found quite close at home.

Generally speaking, then, "a good eye" and "a good hand" go together. In the ordinary occupations of work or play, the hand, as we know, soon learns to follow the eye, more or less unconsciously, the amount of consciousness varying, not only with the man, but in the same man with different kinds of action, and, of course, with more or less practice tending to make the action habitual. And, indeed, when it is said in an offhand way that a man has a "good eye," it is implied, nine times out of ten, that (owing to evident good work) the hand, or what is represented by the hand, is a sharer in the praise bestowed upon the eye. For, after all, "hand and eye," meaning the partnership between them, is merely a convenient expression. These organs are prominent partners, but not the only ones concerned, in nearly every action of our lives. They are the directors, with great managing powers, of a Company composed of most of the human faculties. Take the example of a first-rate "field" at leg. Appreciating the pace, allowing for the twist, he dashes obliquely with every nerve on the stretch to meet the ball at the best part of the second bound. Even as he gets to it he is bracing himself for the throw-in. The ball which came from the bat like a round-shot goes back like a shell, saving the three. Now, with the clever taking and quick return, the eye, of course, has everything to do; but it cannot be said that the function of the hand is here more important than the functions of arm, back, or shoulder, to say nothing of the lower limbs. The truth is that in this, or in any similar effort, there is a general tax on the whole energy of the man; and in the English language this taxation (there need be no divorce here) is conveniently represented by the combination of hand and eye in one expression. Other current and somewhat similar expressions have also their definite value. We speak of head and heart, meaning the powers and qualities of thinking and feeling, whether of daring or revering; also of head and hand, meaning, of course, the faculties of planning and doing. But, while the qualities of head or heart arrange themselves easily in contradistinction to those of the hand, the work of eye and hand is, as it were, so subtle in combination that we cannot define the duties of either, or say which is in fault when the action goes wrong. Eye and hand might be looked upon, perhaps, as the extremities between which the other faculties are the connecting links. We are, however, content to turn the position by saying that the success of all hand and eye work depends on seeing soon enough what ought to be done, and doing it at the right time. The capability of seeing and ability to do vary, of course, in a manifold degree, between different races of men as well as between individual men of the same race. The Anglo-Saxon is, perhaps, less adroit than others where patience rather than perseverance is a chief requisite, as in the delicate work of instrument-making, engraving, carving, and the like. But in most out-of-door work, and wherever hand and eye must be backed up by robustness of nerve, he is found in the front rank of the leading company. In making comparison of skill as between man and man it should be noticed that in many dexterous exercises the degrees of excellence are marked not so much by the ability to do this or that single act better than other people as by the power to go on repeating them again and again with comparatively little failure. In billiards, batting, tent-pegging, match rifle-shooting, and in game-shooting, the great masters are those who can go on doing exceptionally long and often what other men can—in a more limited way—do quite as well, and sometimes more gracefully. Hand and eye partnership varies also in kind as well as in degree. Every man is probably born with a special tendency for some particular kind of dexterity. Otherwise, it is difficult to say why

two men, brought up under similar circumstances and possessed of the same natural advantages, should excel each other and the rest of their fellows in some game or sport depending for success on the true working together of hand and eye. No doubt we do best what we love most; also generally love most what we do best. Still, when a man's keenness for a sport where he performs respectably only is as great as for that in which he performs brilliantly, the difference of excellence cannot be altogether accounted for by the love—either for its own sake or for the fame which it brings—of that particular sport in which he is *facile princeps*. Take, for example, the case of two boys of a good English sort, brought up in the same country home, and educated at the same school. Let them, as regards soundness of mind and limb, be practically alike. This one may be perhaps a little sharper in retort, the other a little surer in reply; this a little better about the chest and shoulders, that about the legs; showing a promise of rowing here, of running there. For all out-of-door work both "frame" very well indeed. Allowing for the year or so between them, neither their father, nor the old keeper at home, nor the "pro" at school, can see much difference between them. But at about sixteen and fifteen, emerging from "all-round" goodness, each begins to take a line of his own. The seed and the culture are the same, but the crop different.

Growing to manhood, one turns out a magnificent game-shot, the other a first-rate bowler. It is a pleasant thing, no doubt, to be able to shoot everything, "rocketers," driven partridges, as well as rabbits, to perfection; and not unpleasant to be known by men as well as masters as the best shot, in covert and out, far and away, through all the countryside. And to be brought on in the course of half a dozen years to bowl for your school, for the County, the University, and the Gentlemen, is the sort of promotion which does not through slowness lose any of its sweetness. But for all this, the cricketer is as fond of shooting as he is of cricket, and the shooter is as fond of cricket as he is of shooting. Each, in his heart of hearts, would, as his off-season comes round, exchange some of the pre-eminence in his own line for a little skill in his brother's. This, however, they cannot do. Apart from its general effect on such things as the captaining of an eleven in the field, or the management of the beating of a wood, experience—when combined with personal dexterity—contributes to individual success. It counts immensely towards the taking of wickets, the killing of birds to your own gun, and the like. The seasoned bowler, for example, quickly notices, and if possible avails himself of, the condition and the changing condition of the wicket, the style of hitting he is opposed to, and so on. The old game-shot, as he takes his stand, recognizes among minor matters, and with allowance for growth, the old openings between the tree-tops, the fresh rabbit-runs, and so forth. But experience, be it "head-bowling," "understanding shooting," or any other kind of craft, though a wonderful help, cannot add in reality to the executive power of hand and eye partnership, which is limited as well as latent. Being latent, it must be developed by sufficient (and not too much) good practice at the right time of life. Being limited in all men, it cannot by any man be developed beyond a certain point. Hundreds of men at fifty shoot as well as they did at thirty, and not worse than they did at forty. Health and practice, or the want of either, may of course affect a man's skill in any athletic pursuit at any time of life. But, speaking broadly, when a man is at full practice point, no passionate love of sport, no desire, noble or ignoble, to excel, no taking thought, in fact, can add one jot of rapidity or precision to the bringing up of a gun, nor to any kind of throwing of ball, quoit, or lasso, nor to any kind of striking with cue, bat, or racquet.

The different kinds of hand and eye action may be divided and grouped in several ways. Some operations are so deliberate in their character that we can almost look upon them as being done by the body at the bidding of the mind; of such is the threading of a needle, the prolonged aim and shot with a match-rifle, or the catching of the skied cricket-ball—in all these there is time, if only two or three seconds, to apprehend what has to be done. Then there are the actions done literally as quick as thought; such are the cross-counter in boxing, the veritable snap-shot, the sharp catch at point (applauded all round because success is made brilliant by rapidity). In these the decision to do and the doing come off together. Again—opening up a host of moral considerations of the effect of a man's temperament on his play—we might throw all hand and eye work into two great groups—one where the difficulties lie chiefly in deciding what to do, the actual doing being comparatively easy; the other where it is quite plain what has to be done, but the difficulty lies in doing it. Driving in a crowded street, or the work of the voyageur-bowman in the rapids, are examples of the former; the billiard-stroke, bowling, and shooting at a fixed mark of the latter. And so we might go on casting and re-casting all the games and athletic work which we have known, or heard of, or delighted in, and still love, though perhaps only to watch.

But the division we wish particularly to mark in this place is between the kinds of skilful action acquired, and afterwards done, so to speak, consciously, and those acquired and afterwards done, as it were, unconsciously; not, of course, unconsciously in the sense that a man is not aware what he is doing, but in the sense that he does not know exactly how he makes the successful hit. Knowledge of conditions tending to success of course there must be. David was aware, however indirectly, of the "error due to defective figure." Therefore he chose him stones smooth and fit

for the purpose, and knew, moreover, where to find them. Robin Hood, shooting at Ashby before King John, fitted a new bow-string to his bow before the great shot at the willow wand. With one of his most characteristic touches Sir Walter Scott makes the bold outlaw alive to the value of a full and even pressure on the base of the arrow. David in reality, Robin in romance (as good as history), had each sufficient science for his day. Strong in faith, and in the recollection of many former feats, both hit the mark. But neither could have explained exactly how he did it. When there is no regular aim or alignment the art of hitting cannot be explained. But the knack, as we say, can be acquired, sometimes with incredible ease. One need only look at our playgrounds, regimental lines, and village greens to see what a vast fund of hand and eye power there is either undergoing, or ripe for, development.

It may be that the State is neglecting to use a great force lying ready to its hand. The regular musketry instruction given to our soldiers, blue-jackets, and marines, though perhaps not unexceptionable, is, considering all the questions of time, ammunition, and ranges, good in the main. So far the object of the training has been to cultivate the most deliberate kind of hand and eye action. The recruit is taught to aim carefully, drilled well in position, and closely watched at practice. And this, no doubt, is the right way to teach the use of a rifle as a rifle. For all kinds of "sharp-shooting," for long-range firing, and, what is of more importance, in order to take a proper part in volleys, the exact aim and steady pressure of the trigger are absolutely essential. But we now suggest that our soldiers and seamen should be taught to use their rifles at short distances in quite a different way. It will be agreed by those most used to war that, in the critical interval between respectable rifle-range and hand-to-hand bayonet work, aiming in the sense of deliberate alignment of the "sights" of the rifle is impossible, and never done. Then the fire, no longer controllable, and mostly too high, lapses into a hurried fusillade in the general direction of the enemy. For these times, unprovided for in our training, the unconscious hand and eye power, latent in all and strong in our race, might surely be made available. If the slingers and archers of old could hit the mark with a single stone or arrow, why should not the rifeman of to-day, using his rifle more like a shot-gun—shooting quickly with both eyes fixed on the mark, and without aligning his "sights"—get into the knack of hitting the figure of a man sixty or seventy yards off? It is of course in our rifle to do it. A little experience would show that it was in our men also. So far as we know, the trial has never been made. The moral value of being able to make pretty sure of an enemy sixty yards off would, from the soldier's point of view—particularly on occasions like the half-broken square or the unfinished zebra—be simply invaluable. The actual value would be in keeping the fire down to the proper level, and perhaps stopping the savage or fanatic rush before it got to stabbing point.

QUACK MEDICINES.

II. CHLORODYNE.

THE most dangerous of the patent medicines are naturally those which contain poison. Taken under the advice of a qualified medical practitioner they may very possibly prove to be useful remedies, and indeed often are. But the indiscriminate sale to the public of nostrums of this description, although no doubt it produces a considerable revenue, cannot fail to be attended with the most serious consequences. Most of us are agreed that opium is a valuable remedy, but even the most rabid Free-trader would scarcely desire to see this drug sold indiscriminately to ignorant persons or to persons actuated by criminal motives. Laudanum is difficult to obtain, simply because its sale is regulated by the Poisons Act; but there is no such difficulty with regard to chlorodyne, of which there are at least three well-known rival varieties. Let us look at the composition of this nostrum:—

Six drachms of chloroform.

Half a drachm of tincture of capsicum.

Three minims of oil of peppermint.

Eight grains of morphia (sixty-four doses).

Twelve drops double strength prussic acid.

One drachm of tincture of Indian hemp. (*Bhang*, or Indian hemp, is a poison used throughout the East to produce insensibility. It is the *Benj* of the *Arabian Nights*.)

One drachm of treacle.

The maximum dose is half a drachm, and a 4s. 6d. bottle would kill at least eight people; but chlorodyne is a patent medicine and may be sold with impunity in the largest quantities. As might be naturally supposed, the results of the indiscriminate sale of such a dangerous compound are frequently deplorable. At Weymouth in December 1884 a young lady, who had been previously confined in an asylum, threatened "to do something terrible." On the 4th of that month she was missed, and she was not found until two days later, when she was discovered in a dying condition in an empty room in her father's house. In a drawer were found three empty bottles that had contained a preparation of chlorodyne, two large and one small. Treatment was unavailing, and she soon afterwards died. At the inquest one chemist's assistant deposed that on the 13th of the previous month he had sold

her a small bottle of chlorodyne, and on the 19th a large, or 4s. 6d., bottle (the size containing enough poison to kill eight persons). On the 20th another chemist's assistant supplied a second large bottle, and two days later the unfortunate lady obtained from a third chemist a similar quantity. The chemists in question all stated that they had sold these large quantities of chlorodyne over the counter without any inquiry; but one of them, on being asked if he would have supplied the young lady with half a dozen bottles if she had requested him to do so, hesitated, and said that it was a poisonous preparation. Another chemist, however, was troubled with no such scruples, and frankly admitted that he would have sold her any quantity she might have desired to purchase, "as it was a patent medicine." The jury in this case added a rider to their verdict, urging that "representations should be made to the proper quarter that chlorodyne and other patent medicines of such a potent nature should be placed under paragraph 2 of the Poisons Act." Of course nothing came of their sensible suggestion, and this dangerous drug is within the reach of all who have money to pay for it. In the same month of the same year a lady residing at Brighton swallowed a whole bottle of chlorodyne "by mistake," and her life would no doubt have been sacrificed had not the physician who was called in promptly administered a powerful emetic.

Chlorodyne has unquestionably now become the most favourite narcotic. "Just a few drops of chlorodyne" will, no doubt, when taken for the first time, produce tranquil sleep, relieve pain or cough, diarrhoea or colic, or bronchial affections. The worst of it is that, in the majority of cases where people have begun to take chlorodyne and have found from it temporary relief, recourse is had again and again to the successful nostrum, and very soon the victims find that the dose has to be increased. It is increased accordingly, with the result that the general health is impaired, many of the natural functions of the body are entirely or partially suspended, and what was once merely a bad habit becomes one of the absolute necessities of existence. A lady whose death was recently announced began by taking small doses of chlorodyne to relieve neuralgia. As is usual in these cases she fell into the habit of taking the drug in large quantities, with the result that she had to be placed under restraint. For a time all went well, and the lady became gradually better, and was at last ordered abroad for change of air. But while stopping at the port of embarkation for a few hours she somehow managed to procure a bottle of chlorodyne. Within twenty-four hours she was found dead in her bed with the empty bottle under her pillow.

We will content ourselves with calling attention to two other cases of chlorodyne poisoning, now unhappily of frequent occurrence. Dr. Diplock recently held an inquest concerning the death of Mr. Edward James Richard Harris, aged thirty-two, a stockbroker, lately residing at 48 Blenheim Crescent. Considering the history of the case, and the symptoms exhibited by the deceased, the doctor had no doubt that death was due to poison from chlorodyne. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased committed suicide while in a state of unsound mind, to which they attached the following rider:—"That the sale of patent medicines should be restricted." And Mr. William Carter, coroner, lately held an inquiry at the Star Tavern, Abbey Street, Bermondsey, into the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Thomas Pash, aged sixty-four years, lately residing at 5 Oxley Place, Parker's Road, Bermondsey, who died from the effects of an overdose of chlorodyne. The jury returned the following verdict:—"Death from misadventure by an overdose of chlorodyne, administered inadvertently, and not with the intention of destroying life."

Some idea of the profits on the sale of chlorodyne may be obtained from the fact that it is sold in bulk by the wholesale druggist at 10s. 6d. the ounce, first quality, and 8s. 6d. the ounce, second quality, and that the actual cost is only 6d. The retail consumer, on the other hand, pays 4s. 6d. for a two-ounce bottle, which gives the vendor a profit of something very like 300 per cent. after deducting the cost of the stamp. The patent medicine proprietors make as large a profit on the stamp as they do on the medicine. In estimating his profit, the vendor calculates it on the materials, bottles, labour, and on the cost of the Government stamp. A profit on the stamp is added by each middleman until it reaches the consumer. Instead of the consumer merely paying the duty (which is calculated on the retail selling price) of 17½ per cent., he pays it several times over. The cost of the medicine, bottle, label, and labour could never exceed 1s. 6d., or, adding the value of the stamp, 2s. The manufacturer receives 2s. 10d. from the wholesale dealer, the wholesale dealer receives 3s. 2d. from the retailer, and the retailer 4s. 6d. from the public; the last vendor thus obtaining over 40 per cent. on the cost of the nostrum, the stamp, and the intermediate profits. The amount received under the Stamp Act for patent medicines is over 150,000l. a year.

That a compound such as chlorodyne can be purchased in the manner we have described constitutes a grave scandal, and calls for immediate interference on the part of the proper authorities. In France the unrestricted sale of nostrums is absolutely forbidden until the State analyst has pronounced them harmless. If a similar regulation were in force in this country many lives would be preserved.

REVIEWS.

THE LIBER STUDIUM.*

WHEN Turner entered upon his great undertaking he determined to make it an epitome of landscape art, past and present. With some system he divided it into sections, so that each class should be represented and the whole should be exhaustive. Though he did not succeed equally in the different sections, and though the system which he marked out to begin with was not so observable in their execution, he fairly carried into effect his general intention. The *Liber Studiorum* as it exists is the most wonderful and complete of all books of the kind, and will probably never be rivalled. The scope of landscape, as shown in the works of artists from Titian and Claude to Vanderwerf and Gainsborough, is comprehended in these "Studies"; and his own enormous enlargement of this scope down to the time when they were executed is perhaps as adequately represented as it could be in monochrome.

So far there can be no dispute; but Turner was not only an artist, he was a poet—a dumb poet, or at least an inarticulate one. The scenes of nature inspired him with a sentiment which he could only express with his brush. His thoughts on men and things and the destinies of the world were large and comprehensive, but they were vague and confused; his feelings were sensitive, and his emotion acute, but he was illiterate, and his mind untrained. When he wrote, whether prose or verse, his meaning was often hard to guess. The only language of which he was master was landscape, and in this language he tried to express whatever of thought or emotion was in him. To his landscapes he left no key except a few verses, appended as labels, in the Catalogues of the Royal Academy, and these generally make confusion worse confounded. It is, therefore, certain that any one who attempts to turn into plain prose the pictorial poetry of Turner has a task of unusual difficulty.

In one sense of the word "plain" no one perhaps has yet attempted it. Mr. Ruskin's meaning is, indeed, generally plain enough; but such notes as he has given us on the *Liber Studiorum* are charged with rhetoric and emotion; and his followers, while by no means so certain of their own meaning, always strive to tune their words to the same pitch. Ever since Mr. Ruskin discovered that Turner intended the *Liber Studiorum* to be an epitome, not only of his knowledge of landscape art, but of his "criticism of human life," a certain section of writers have treated it, not as a Book of Studies, but as a Book of Prophecy or Revelation, and have approached it in a spirit only too ready to see in every stray scratch on the copper some deep poetical meaning. To Mr. Stopford Brooke such a mental attitude is evidently congenial, and he has had unusual opportunities to study with due leisure these Sibylline leaves. His book may therefore be deemed a typical example of that sort of criticism which aims at penetrating the innermost recesses of an artist's mind through a patient study of his pictures.

The notion that Turner had any deep poetical or philosophical meaning underlying the whole work seems to be based by Mr. Ruskin on a recorded saying of the artist. "What is the use of them, but together?" he said, when he heard that some one wanted some special plate. Most persons would think this sentence sufficiently explained by the fact that the book was an elaborate series of examples of landscape art, the use of which would be destroyed if it was imperfect. But Mr. Ruskin thought differently. According to him Turner referred, not to its artistic, but its spiritual use and completeness. "The meaning of the entire book," he wrote in the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*, "was symbolized in the frontispiece, which he engraved with his own hand. 'Tyre at Sunset,' with the 'Rape of Europa,' indicating the symbolism of the decay of Europe by that of Tyre, its beauty passing away into terror and judgment (Europa being the mother of Minos and Rhadamanthus)." Unfortunately no one has yet been able to understand the *Liber* a bit better for this revelation of its real meaning, for not one of the plates seems to have any connexion whatever with that decay of Europe which Mr. Ruskin regards as the main idea of the whole work. It is a strange instance of the power of mere words well wielded that this impressive sentence, in which there is not a grain of sense, should have imposed on the intellect of thousands. It has not imposed, however, on that of Mr. Stopford Brooke, who, though an ardent follower of Mr. Ruskin, gives a much more sensible interpretation of the frontispiece. In his little essay on this plate all Mr. Brooke's qualities as a writer are seen at their best. Some of his descriptions of nature, especially of skies, as that of the "Peat-bog," are more impressive, and he occasionally reaches a higher note of poetry, as in his admirable description of the "Rizpah"; but, on the whole, there is no piece of work in the book more free from flaw than this first essay. But, though Mr. Stopford Brooke has wisely refused to interpret the *Liber Studiorum* with reference to the decay of Europe, he has been much fascinated with the sentimental views of the great writer, and has adopted his method of interpretation and his views as to the profundities of thought and feeling which underlie every touch of Turner's etching-needle and scraper. He has pored over every plate, until it has

seemed to him full of occult suggestion, and every notion which has entered his mind during the process he has fathered upon the artist. Occasionally, indeed, he expresses some distrust as to the infallibility of this process, and fears his interpretation may be fanciful; but as a rule he speaks with the utmost confidence that Turner thought this and felt that when this or that plate was in progress. Sometimes, even when admitting a doubt as to a particular view, his deductions from it are couched in positive language. This course of criticism is, of course, very fascinating; it leads to indulgence of sentimental fancy and to a great deal of pretty writing; but it is very unsafe, and its tendency is to a general extravagance of language which is apt to appear ridiculous to some minds, especially when the whole of an impassioned effusion is found to be based upon error. Dr. Pusey once congratulated the High Church party on the death of "unction." Unfortunately it has not yet disappeared from the eloquence of art critics like Mr. Brooke.

One of Mr. Ruskin's views is that Turner was profoundly affected with the squalid and hopeless misery of the poor in England; and that this is one of the "lessons" of the *Liber Studiorum*, especially in the plates known as "Hedging and Ditching," "The Watermill," and "The Bridge and Cows." About "The Watermill" there can be no doubt. In this plate Turner has drawn a picture of decay and poverty almost Hogarthian in its power and completeness. But this gloomy view of mill-life is corrected by the blithe, busy, and well kept up "Pembury Mill." In "Hedging and Ditching" the figures are ugly, but they are warmly if meanly dressed, and one of the men uprooting the willow has quite a lively expression, as if he were cutting a joke. In the Gainsborough picture it is surely fancy to say that the children are decrepid and fever-struck, and that one of them is lame. The seated boy in the foreground is certainly well-grown and fat. As to the other pictures, like "Peat Bog" and "Solway Moss," which are adduced as instances of Turner's melancholy view of the labouring classes, the figures are simply appropriate to the scene. Turner was born poor, and when he became rich he preferred to live in a squalid manner; he had no horror of hard work or dirt, of coarse fare or mean clothes, and it is unreasonable to ascribe to him on the evidence of these few plates any of that pathetic musing over the restricted lives and mental destitution of the labouring classes which is a product of later philosophy. In his pathetic comments on these plates Mr. Stopford Brooke outdoes Mr. Ruskin. The children in "The Bridge and Cows" "are sickly, stunted, idle, without pleasure even in their play." The mill "is poor, the water of the stream is scanty. It grinds the corn only of those whose heavy toil struggles to keep life going from day to day, and who will decay and end like the dead willow beneath the bank." If Turner complained that Mr. Ruskin put ideas into his pictures that were never in his head, what would he say of Mr. Stopford Brooke? The men in the "Hedging and Ditching" are "crippled with rheumatism, bound for a bed-ridden old age, without imagination, without comfort, without hope." Two of them "are more like North American Indians than Englishmen"; but "rough and coarse as the figures are, they are not vulgar. They are of the earth, and have the dignity of the earth. Slowly, steadily, they toil, and the place of the tree they are now uprooting will before long be ready to feed the flocks or to grow the food of man." This sort of writing is well calculated to draw tears from impressive young ladies, but it has about as much to do with Turner and the *Liber Studiorum* as with North American Indians themselves.

But it is perhaps in Mr. Brooke's description of "The Watermill" that we see most clearly how deeply he has been influenced by Mr. Ruskin, and to what lengths his imagination will lead him when he is bent on melancholy moralizing. Mr. Ruskin describes the mill as "itself a ruin, mud-built at first, now propped on both sides," and speaks of "the planks torn from its cattle-shed." This is not pathetic enough for Mr. Brooke. According to him, the mill "was born old, and in decay." The cow is "wretched," and the planks of its shed have "been torn away for firing." Mr. Ruskin writes of "the old millstone—useless for many a day—half buried in slime at the bottom of the wall," a description which is a pretty strong instance of forced and false pathos, as an old millstone put outside a mill is no sign of destitution, and slime is not uncommon in the neighbourhood of the most prosperous mill-streams. But Mr. Brooke improves even upon this, and says "the old mill-stone lies against the mill sunken in the wet mud, so wet, that it partly reflects the stone." But, to do Mr. Stopford Brooke justice, he is as ecstatic in his joy as in his sorrow. At happy Pembury Mill "the great burdock leaves grow in the wash of the waterwheel as if they had the secret of perfect health." Mr. Brooke knows (what does he not know?) that "the vine has been planted by the grandfather of the miller, and a hundred tales belong to it. The place is aware of itself and of the manifold human lives that have grown in it." "It is always at home, and has its own sweet content with its own labours and its own pleasures. And the sunlight comes, softly winnowed through the foliage of the grove, and pours through the open door with tender warmth and blessing. The cloud of floating meal takes up its glimmer, and bears it into every recess of the mill, touching wheel and wall and floor and the sacks all in a row with its grace and praise." We confess that in this and many another passage Mr. Stopford Brooke not only fails to interpret the artist to us, but leaves us in doubt as to his own meaning. Does he mean that the meal carries the sunlight into every recess of the mill, and does it or

* Notes on the *Liber Studiorum* of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. By the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A. With Illustrations. London: The Autotype Company, &c.

the sun touch the sacks all of a row with its or the sun's grace and praise?

Mr. Brooke's book swarms with passages like this, and it is melancholy to see a writer with so much culture, talent, and fine feeling not only content, but apparently delighted, to write them. It is, perhaps, more melancholy to think that the standard of taste of readers is becoming more and more adjusted to this highfalutin' nonsense. Mr. Brooke is capable of far better things, and we gladly acknowledge that there is a great deal of poetry and ingenuity, of knowledge, observation, and insight in these *Notes on the Liber Studiorum*, and we like his frank acknowledgment of his obligations to Mr. Ruskin. In printing Mr. Ruskin's notes beside his own he has also shown a courage we admire, for he must know that the prose of any living writer looks pale and forceless beside them. He is no doubt much indebted to Mr. Ruskin for many things, but for nothing more than that elevated tone which keeps clear of all that is mean and commonplace. But he also owes to Mr. Ruskin that positiveness, that strained sentiment, that habitual use of immoderate language, that assumption of acquaintance with the hidden secrets of Turner's mind, and those floods of emotional rhetoric which too often make his most serious and careful labour a fitter subject for ridicule than for praise.

DIVINITY BOOKS.*

DR. JAMIESON, a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, has undertaken, in his *Discussions on the Atonement*, the somewhat ambitious task of discovering "a scientific basis" for that doctrine, and clearing it of all "mystery" or "mysterious element" whatever. He insists that the Reformation left the question "far too loosely defined"—meaning apparently too strictly defined in a wrong sense—and hence "Protestantism, with its numberless sections and subsections, stands at this moment as a broken cistern," or, as he puts it elsewhere, "the Church of Protestantism has equally failed with the Church of Romanism in the sanctification of the world." With Roman theology, however, or indeed with Catholic theology in any sense of the term, Dr. Jamieson appears to have no acquaintance at all, though he has carefully examined a good deal of what has been said by—chiefly very recent—Protestant divines on his special theme. The volume takes the not very convenient shape of a dialogue between two disputants, Messrs. Staywell and Freshfield, the latter of whom represents the author's views. It is of course impossible here to follow him through an elaborate, and we must add needlessly prolix, discussion extending over more than 500 closely printed octavo pages, which moreover does not by any means gain in clearness by its prolixity. It seems to be his leading aim to repudiate the notion that our Lord became "our substitute," or that His death was "vicarious"; if we rightly understand him, indeed, the death of Christ was not any necessary part of His atoning work. To some extent Dr. Jamieson's view is an—evidently unconscious—recurrence to the patristic as distinguished from the dominant Reformation teaching

on the subject. Certainly the Fathers regarded the death of Christ, not as an isolated act, but as "the climax of a sacrificial life"—dating by the way from His birth, not His "baptism in the Jordan"—and would also have agreed with our author that ordinary Protestant theology "does not make enough of the Incarnation." But still we suspect that they would have regarded his estimate of the whole question as an imperfect, if not a heterodox, one, and they would decidedly have condemned his rejection of all idea of mystery in it. How far it accords with the Westminster Confession we do not presume to determine, but there can be no doubt that it differs *toto calo* from the traditional type of Presbyterian belief. As a substantial contribution to theological "science" the book has no high value, but it is remarkable, considering the author's position, as a sign of the times. The Appendix contains detailed criticisms on the views of Dr. Dale, Dr. Crawford, and Dr. Candlish.

It is literally true, or nearly so, that "every schoolboy knows" Mr. Paley to be one of the first of living Greek scholars in this country. But not only is Greek scholarship a different thing from theological knowledge, but classical differs so widely from Hellenistic Greek that proficiency in the one is no necessary guarantee for capacity in dealing with the other. When therefore Mr. Paley claims for his *Verbatim Translation of the Gospel of St. John* that it is the work of "a Greek scholar," who is free from the trammels of "the trained theologian," and "despises the *supplicio veri* which is but too characteristic of professed orthodoxy," the *imprimatur* he has given to his volume cannot be accepted without reserve. Certainly if he is, as we had supposed, a Roman Catholic, he may fairly claim exemption from any undue bias in favour of his own Church; he goes out of his way to sneer at "the principle of mere mechanical word-change" on which the Vulgate version is constructed, and to suggest that the famous passage so often quoted in defence of priestly absolution (John xx. 23) may be simply "intended to convey the gift of healing." But there is an anti-theological as well as a theological bias, and from that the volume does not appear to us to be at all exempt. Nor will all scholars be disposed to agree with Mr. Paley's unqualified estimate, borrowed from Drs. Westcott and Hort, of the "supreme excellence of the Vatican MS.," from which he has made his translation. We believe that view ourselves to be a very one-sided one, but it is enough to say here that the question is at all events still *sub judice*. Nor can the translation itself be said to supply any sufficient justification of its *raison d'être*. Of the musical rhythm of the Authorized Version, and the inferiority in that respect—whatever other merits it may possess—of the Revised Version, there can be no question. Mr. Paley's translation is unrhythmical to the extent sometimes of being almost unreadable, and it does not, to say the least, compensate in clearness for what it loses in musical expression. Take, as a specimen, the two opening verses of the Gospel: "In the beginning was the Logos, and the Logos was in relation to God, and the Logos was God. It was *he* (sic) who at the first stood in relation to God."

Dr. Cheyne, the Oriel Professor of Interpretation at Oxford, has long been well known as one of the leading critical scholars in this country who has made Old Testament exegesis his speciality. His present volume deals with the book of Job and three of the five books commonly attributed to Solomon, Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, and Ecclesiastes, to all of which however he assigns a much later date. While he strenuously asserts the canonical authority of the books found in the canon—of Ecclesiasticus, regarded in the Roman Church as deuterocanonical, he speaks more doubtfully—it is not very clear in what sense he accepts their inspiration. The writers of Job, of whom he thinks there were several, are said to be "inspired by the Spirit of Israel's holy religion"—a phrase of very ambiguous meaning—the Jewish Prophets "obtained (or seemed to obtain) their convictions by a message or revelation from without," and elsewhere "the episode of the speaking ass" is explained as "a sportive, quasi-historical version of a popular fable." On this whole question Dr. Cheyne's readers may fairly desiderate a more explicit statement of his views. But on questions of critical scholarship he is on his own ground, and none who are interested in the subject can fail to derive valuable information from his pages, into which he has compressed in clear and readable form the results of much thought and patient research, whether or not they are prepared to accept all his conclusions. A detailed criticism or even analysis of his treatment would be impossible within our present limits. But we may note that he fixes the period between Isaiah and Jeremiah as the probable date of the Book of Job, and thinks it was composed more or less under foreign influences. Proverbs he holds to have been written partly towards the close of the kingdom of Judah, partly after the Captivity. Ecclesiastes also he places after the Captivity, in the fourth century B.C.; Ecclesiasticus he regards as written in Hebrew—not, like Wisdom, in Greek—about two centuries B.C.

The Sermon on *The Elder Son*, which gives its title to Dr. Jelliet's volume, is by no means the most interesting or characteristic in the collection. We do not indeed think any of the six Sermons on the Parables, suggestive as they certainly are, so striking as some of those on Old Testament subjects, where the author is evidently at his best. In purely theological teaching he is not at his best, and does not give one the impression of having cared to pay much attention to such studies. While for instance he insists throughout on the Atonement as "the distinguishing doctrine of Christianity," nothing could well be more meagre and inadequate than his doctrinal treatment of it in the Sermon

* *Discussions on the Atonement. Is it Vicarious?* By the Rev. G. Jamieson, D.D. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

The Gospel of St. John. A Verbatim Translation from the Vatican MS. By F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1887.

Job and Solomon or the Wisdom of the Old Testament. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1887.

The Elder Son, and other Sermons. By J. H. Jelliet, D.D., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. London: Macmillan & Co.

Creed and Character. Sermons. By Rev. H. S. Holland, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's. London: Rivingtons. 1887.

Lectures on the Ephesians. By R. W. Dale, LL.D. Third edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

The First Epistle of St. John. With Exposition and Homiletical Treatment. By the Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1887.

The Christ and the Fathers; or, the Reformers of the Roman Empire. By a Historical Scientist. London: Williams & Norgate. 1887.

Christ and Christianity. The Picture of Paul the Disciple. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. London: C. Burnet & Co. 1887.

Echoes of the Word. Short Papers on New Testament Subjects. By J. H. Morgan, Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union. 1887.

The Ritual of the New Testament. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett. Third edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1887.

Present Day Tracts on Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals. By Various Writers. Vol. VIII. London: Religious Tract Society.

The Way of Sorrows. Seven Discourses for Lent. By S. Baring Gould, M.A. London: Skellington & Son. 1887.

Sermons for the People. Epiphany until Quinquagesima. By Various Contributors. London: S.P.C.K.

Notes on the Athanasian Creed. By the Rev. E. Hobson, M.A. London: S.P.C.K.

The Little Ones' Text-Book. By the Rev. P. M. Eastman. London: Whittingham & Co.

A Song of Ascents. Thoughts on Psalm CXXI. By the Rev. L. Minton-Senhouse, M.A. London: Elliot Stock.

The Fullness of Redeeming Love. By F. E. Winalow, M.A. London: Skellington & Son. 1887.

The Banner of the King. London: Elliot Stock.

A Book of Household Prayer. By G. T. Duncombe. London: Rivingtons.

The Atonement. By W. C. Magee, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough. London: Cassell & Co. 1887.

specially devoted to the subject, however correct as far as it goes. Neither again could we acquiesce without much reserve in the somewhat arbitrary doctrinal conclusions of the Sermon on Remorse—one of the most remarkable in the volume—whether or no it is intended *inter alia* as an incidental apology for Universalism, which is left uncertain. It is in its ethical teaching, and its method of dealing with alleged ethical difficulties of the Old Testament—as in the discourse on Rizpah—that the strength of the volume lies. And we seem to trace in it sometimes an implicit protest against certain so-called Evangelical views—e.g. of the “Supralapsarian” kind—which the author has not improbably found too prevalent in his own Communion. We may specify, as an excellent example of the sort of ethical teaching we spoke of, the Sermon on “Empty, Swept, and Garnished.” There are again some very pertinent remarks on the sense in which it is, and is not, true that “politics should be excluded from the pulpit.” Dr. Jellett is equally happy in pointing out how the charge of intolerance brought, not wholly without justification, against earnest believers in dogmatic Christianity is in truth applicable in its measure to all earnest belief, whether religious, political, or other; “for intolerance is the price which imperfect human nature has to pay for earnestness in anything which can be made the subject of controversy,” while it is easy enough to be tolerant where you are careless, and “men can be very tolerant in theology and very intolerant in politics.” Nothing again can be more admirable than his treatment of current objections to the miraculous side of Christianity in the sermon on the Resurrection. There is occasionally a certain dryness, not to say hardness, about his method of handling religious questions, and, as we observed before, he does not betray any great knowledge or appreciation of theology proper; but his sermons are always thoughtful and suggestive, never commonplace, and rank decidedly much above the average of pulpit homiletics.

It would not be easy to find two preachers more diverse in their temperament and their standpoint than Dr. Jellett and Canon Scott Holland; both however having this in common, that their sermons are of exceptional merit and interest. The leading idea of Canon Holland's new volume, as the title indicates, is to disprove “the absurd and ignorant commonplace, that Christianity is a separate matter from its dogmatic belief”—to show, in other words, that Christian practice postulates and springs from Christian faith. This idea is worked out, and presented under various converging aspects, in a series of discourses—not all of course of equal clearness or cogency—partly on the corporate life of the Church, partly on the spiritual life of the individual Christian, the idea throughout being to establish that neither could the Christian community have held its own in the world, nor the life of Christian souls have been nurtured and sustained, by any mere scheme of ethical and devotional teaching, however perfect, without the definite creed and definite organization which Christ provided in His Church. To sum up the result in an epigrammatic sentence, which may at first sound rather startling, but is abundantly explained by the context; “Nothing had been achieved when our Lord died on the Bitter Tree. If His mission had ended there, there would have been no such thing as Christianity in the world.” In a former volume of Sermons on *Logic and Life* Mr. Holland was eloquent, not to say lyrical, but often very enigmatical to the ordinary apprehension. In the present volume he is far clearer and more coherent, though his natural *copia fandi* still seems at times to run away with him, and tempts his readers to wish for a more chastened verbiage and closer sequence of thought.

Dr. Dale's *Lectures* are not intended as a formal Commentary, but “to illustrate to a popular audience the doctrine and ethics of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians,” and although some passages of the Sermons as originally preached, edifying rather than expository, are omitted or condensed in the present volume, it remains essentially a collection of sermons. The tone is that of moderate Evangelicalism, not at all Calvinistic, and the author exhibits a breadth of thought not often to be met with till recently among Nonconformist preachers in such pregnant admissions—the whole force of which he does not perhaps appreciate—as that “the Church existed before the Scripture.” On the other hand we naturally find him turning “with a faint shock of surprise, almost of disappointment” from the third chapter of the Epistle to the fourth, which deals with “the unity of the Church.” His discourse on that subject, though it is the longest, is one of the vaguest and most rambling in the book, and only reaches the somewhat lame and ambiguous conclusion that “Paul's conception” is of “unity of life, not of external organization.” Dr. Dale acknowledges special obligations to Meyer and Bishop Ellicott.

Mr. Lias warns us at the outset that his Commentary on the *First Epistle of St. John*, reprinted from the *Homiletic Magazine*, makes no claim to originality, but is a selection of what he thought most likely to be useful in the various commentaries before him. It was commenced before the appearance of Dr. Westcott's and Mr. Plummer's works on the subject. Wholly unlike in plan to Dr. Dale's book, which consists of a series of doctrinal and moral discourses bearing on different points in the Epistle to the Ephesians, Mr. Lias gives us a minute verse to verse exposition going seriatim through the four chapters of St. John's First Epistle. It has evidently been compiled with much care, and will prove very useful for reference, though it does not profess to do more than reproduce and summarize the labours of others. The famous text of the Three Witnesses (v. 7) is of course rejected as spurious, but we need hardly say that the tone of the work is throughout strictly orthodox.

The anonymous “Historical Scientist” who discusses the *Reformers of the Roman Empire* aims at giving a bird's-eye view of the Jewish and Pagan development of thought which preceded the preaching of the Gospel, and then of the teaching of Christ and His Apostles and the Christian Fathers of the first three centuries. It is designed as a protest against “the technical, antiquated style of mediæval theology” and its “mummied garb,” under which head are included “the ancient creeds” and the miracles of both Old and New Testament. The author is proud to follow in the footsteps of Strauss, Baur, Renan, and Matthew Arnold, and reproduce their “pure and unadulterated religion.” We need hardly say that his estimate of the mission and person of our Lord is a purely humanitarian one; His mission was restricted to the Jews, while “Paul was the reformer to the Empire.” There is nothing in the substance of the little volume which will be new to those who are familiar with the German rationalist divines of our own day, and nothing particularly attractive in its style.

The “Scientist” gives his special *imprimatur* to Mr. Haweis, whose *Pictures of Paul* stands next on our list. It is pleasanter reading than his *Story of the Four*, just as Renan's work on the Apostles is pleasanter or less unpleasant reading than his *Vie de Jésus*, partly because the subject gives more legitimate scope for his peculiar style of word-painting, partly because for obvious reasons it offers less occasion for language “offensive to pious ears.” At the same time there is too much here of the Acts, as there was of the Gospels, “done into *Daily Telegraph*.” One of the most effective—we were going to say of the *purpurei panni*, but the volume is made up of that article—is the sketch of the storm and shipwreck, which reads, and is evidently meant to read, like a cutting from the “own correspondent” of a modern newspaper. Mr. Haweis considers that only two writers before himself have “seized the personality of Paul”—namely, Luther and Mr. Jowett. His closing chapters on Pauline theology a judicious reader may with much profit omit.

It is a far cry from the pictorial Mr. Haweis to the Wesleyan Mr. Morgan's pious, if not very original or suggestive, *Papers on New Testament Subjects*. The volume seems well adapted for its professed object of assisting Sunday School teachers in their work. Its theology is of course on the line of orthodox Protestantism.

Father Bridgett, the Redemptorist—himself, if we are not mistaken, a convert from Unitarianism—has brought out a third edition of his *Ritual of the New Testament*, which is designed to convince Protestants that a splendid and symbolical worship is in harmony with the spirit and teaching of the Bible. The main gist of his argument would be accepted, and has indeed been more or less employed, by Anglican divines, and hence the author appeals to the testimony of such writers as Bishop Andrewes. The work has been for many years before the public and does not now require any detailed review, but we may observe that the method of reasoning is clear and consecutive, and the tone is happily free from controversial asperity.

The eighth volume of *Present Day Tracts* contains papers by various writers on the Atonement, Resurrection, Buddhism, Comtism, and Mr. Spencer's theory of the Ethics of Evolution. All of these will repay perusal, but the last on Evolution, by Mr. Iverach, appears to us the most interesting and important of the series.

Mr. Baring Gould's seven sermons on the *Way of Sorrows* deal with so many successive points in the Passion, beginning with the Scourging and ending with the arrival at Calvary. The treatment is graphic and suggestive as well as devotional, in spite of the somewhat gratuitous parade of learning which is never absent from the author's least ambitious efforts.

There is nothing to call for special notice in *Sermons for the People*, by five different contributors, of whom the best known are Mr. Hutchings, formerly Subwarden of Clewer, and Mr. Ponsonby. They are simple, instructive, and devout, but do not for the most part rise above the ordinary level.

Mr. Hobson's paraphrase and *Notes on the Athanasian Creed* are clear and generally to the purpose. We do not see why he should have inserted the ambiguous, not to say nugatory, rubric which “it was proposed to add” at the Savoy Conference of 1689, but which for very sufficient reasons was not added. It really implies that the Creed is a superfluity, if not an impertinence.

The *Little Ones' Textbook* is a collection of single-verse hymns for children in the nursery, modelled apparently on Dr. Watts; there are some rather pretty illustrations.

Under the title of *Song of Ascents* Mr. Minton-Senhouse has published six short practical sermons preached at the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, to which are appended a few hymns collected from various sources.

Mr. Forbes-Winslow's *Fulness of Redeeming Love* is a reprint of a little volume originally published under the title of “A Full, a Free, and a Present Salvation.” It is Evangelical and perhaps a little rhapsodical in tone, but we are assured in the preface that it has been found “helpful to souls,” and we have no reason to dispute it.

The author of the “Series of Progressive Meditations” entitled *The Banner of the King* considers that a perusal of that volume, though it is “not designed to breathe all his thoughts on these high and holy themes,” will at least make the reader “a better, and far more consistent, soldier in the army of the King of Kings.” We hope his anticipations may be justified by the event.

Mr. G. T. Duncombe has added one more to the innumerable

manuals of *Household Prayer*, which claims to be mainly taken from the Prayer-book and from a volume of Family Prayer compiled by the late Dean Hook. It has an advantage over the average run of such compilations as being more liturgical in structure and broken up into comparatively short collects.

The Bishop of Peterborough is well known for one of the most eloquent preachers in the Church of England, but a great preacher is not necessarily a great theologian, though there is no reason why both qualities should not be united in the same person. And we cannot say that his little tractate—enlarged, if we are not mistaken, from a Sermon on the *Atonement*—exhibits much grasp of theological lore. It is far too brief indeed to do more than touch on the outlines of a vast subject, and indeed the author himself tells us in his preface that he has passed by the history of the doctrine, its relations to Jewish and Pagan Sacrifices, and to the Incarnation and the Sacraments, as well as the terms used in Scripture to describe it. That sounds rather like *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out. On the other hand, he has found room for chapters on Sin, which is an assumed preliminary, and on Forgiveness, which is a result of the Atonement. However, the little treatise is clearly expressed and serviceable for its professed purpose, of showing that the ordinary objections urged are not valid against the doctrine in the form it takes in Scripture and the Creeds of the Church. The Bishop is plainly right in saying that we are not required by these authorities "to defend any particular theory of the Atonement," and that the two principles it really does involve, of some "hindrance in the nature of things" to the unconditional pardon of sin, and its removal by the Sacrifice of Christ, are not only not *per se* inconceivable or "immoral," but do in fact correspond with the suggestions of reason and conscience. On some points of detail we cannot follow him; he seems to us, e.g. to exaggerate the contrast between the Pagan and Christian idea of sacrifice, and thereby unduly to depreciate the witness of the former to the need of atonement, nor is it correct to say that "the substitution of an unwilling victim" was a necessary part of it; the self-devotion, for instance, of Antigone or Decius, and in later times—according to the most plausible version of the story—of Antinous, was voluntary. But the Bishop's main contention is the precise opposite of Dr. Jamieson's; instead of seeking to divest the subject of all mystery, he insists that its ultimate explanation is rooted in a mystery not at all contravening our reason, but which we cannot expect here to unravel. And so far, anyhow, he appears to us to be clearly in the right.

NOVELS.*

KATIA is not one of the great works which have made the name of Count Léon Tolstói famous in the world of literature. It is not an historical drama, like *War and Peace*; nor a crowded and brilliant picture of social life, like *Anna Karénine*. *Katia* is a short novel in one small volume, with but two leading characters, and these sketched in more with a view to presenting certain relations which they hold to each other than with any idea of complete conception. The story is exceedingly simple in plot and incident, and is narrated by Katia herself in a style almost bald. It holds, however, an undercurrent of subtle sentiment and suggestions of deep study of the obscurer parts of human experience, which, though not elaborated, are profoundly interesting. It is, like most Russian stories, melancholy. Pessimists as regards this world, and sceptical as to any other, the Russians are a melancholy race. Their utter acquiescence in hopelessness is at times almost abject. Their "world-grief" is crushing in its effect on daily life, and it makes their literature, in so far as their literature reflects it, extraordinarily depressing. How far the effect of the national struggle towards political freedom may go in imparting energy and hopefulness to their writers is a yet unsolved problem. Count Léon Tolstói is a great writer and thinker, but his books are fatalistic and saddening. In *Katia*, however, there are little views into quiet interiors and sketches of Russian country life which are charming. The old country-house of Pokrovski, with its three feminine inmates, its kindly old servants, and rural conditions of existence, is presented to us in the most unaffected way by Katia's simple story. Still better is the old-fashioned mansion of Sergius Mikailovitch, Nikolski, where Tatiana Semenovna reigns after the manner of the old school and keeps up the household traditions of generations. It is in the married life of Sergius and Katia that we are made aware of the sunken rocks over which this current of well-ordered life flows so easily. The struggle between the mature philosophy of the middle-aged husband, broken into for a time by the ardour of his passion for his young wife, and the eager, pleasure-craving, but pure nature of Katia herself, is brief, but tragic—not less tragic because it ends in peace and acquiescence on both sides. It is the acquiescence of renunciation, the peace of abandoned hope. The rest of their lives is duty and content; and it is the proof of the profoundness of Count Tolstói's mournful view of human existence

that their content and duty seem so irremediably sad. "Life is no longer for us," they say; "it is for our children." The present version of *Katia* is a translation from a translation, an English version of the French rendering from the Russian. The French translation used has been presumably that by M. d'Hauterive, although it is not so stated. The present English edition is issued by authority of the Russian author.

Major and Minor is a fairly readable novel in three volumes which would have been more readable in two. The best thing to be said of it is that the writer knows the sort of people—ordinary English middle-class people—he is writing about, and does not make mistakes about them. Perhaps the explanation of the vague feeling of disappointment with which the last volume is laid down is that some previous novels by the same writer have been more romantic. *Major and Minor* is not romantic, although unusual incidents occur which might have been romantically treated. Sir Brian Segrave is an irritable, ill-tempered old man, but a gentleman. He flies into unjust passions with everybody, but he makes haste to apologize and atone to his inferiors as soon as his temper is over. In one of these fits of unreasonable rage he makes a will, disinheriting his eldest son in favour of the younger; making Brian, in fact, the "minor" in place of Gilbert. The deed is scarcely done when Sir Brian wishes it undone, tells both the people chiefly interested he does so wish it, and arranges to come to London to reinstate his eldest born in his proper and perfectly well-deserved place. However, this, as we all know, is what could never happen in a novel. A slip of the treacherous Devonshire sand-cliff ends Sir Brian's purposes of all kinds as far as this world is concerned. Gilbert the "minor" ignores, and even denies, any knowledge of his father's latest wishes, and keeps the property. Brian and Gilbert are both rather milk-and-watery. Gilbert's evil dispositions are enfeebled by the dilution, and Brian is even weaker in his excellence than his brother. Brian is a musician, and in his destitution he turns for support to his beloved art. This, however, like other artistic capacities of an amateur kind, proves to be a better walking-stick than crutch, and it fails to sustain the young man until he has come by other means into a competence. When he no longer needs it, he is enabled to produce a successful comic opera. Mr. Norris is generous enough to give the plot of *The King's Veto*, and much of the scenic arrangement, which furnishes amusing reading, and may give hints to a young composer. The further adventures of the brothers, who are probable persons enough, each in his way, may be sought for in the book itself. A certain weakness in the constitution of these heroes is not compensated for by the remarkable hardness and steely brilliance of Miss Beatrice Huntley, the heroine. She is a beauty, and furthermore an heiress; which last fact she never seems to forget, though she does not show it in the common way. Her mode of punishing Gilbert Segrave for his shabby treatment of his eldest brother is one which will hardly recommend itself. In spite of all these failings, however, Mr. Norris's is an amusing and well-written story, never falling below a certain average of merit, if never rising much above it.

Mr. Daniel Dormer, the writer of *The Mesmerist's Secret*, has—in the present instance at least—not been fortunate in the choice of direction in his literary efforts. A nice sentimental little novel of schoolgirl life would seem to be perfectly within his means. The girls' school, kept by Mme. Rénan on the Boulevard Bineau at Neuilly, Edmie Edsen, her English governess, Edith Trevor, her pupil, and Mlle. Lepoids, "little Lepoids," are touched off in a way which, if not particularly brilliant or original, shows familiarity and ease of treatment. But it has been deemed necessary to import the occult into these domestic and juvenile interiors, and the result is melancholy. A mesmerist wanders about through the mazes of the tale, making indefinite mischief and working irrelevant wonders. This gentleman, who is known by the singular but appropriate name of Marquis de Mensonge, desires to be two people at once, somewhat after the manner of the famous Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll. His *modus operandi* is, however, more plain and direct than that invented by Mr. Stevenson. He simply murders his friend, the real Marquis, buries him in the family vault of the Mensonges, assumes his title, takes possession of his estate, château and property, and there he is. He then goes about the world, accompanied by a few Hindoos (the modern necromancer generally has a Hindoo about), and wills people to do what they don't want to do; makes love to Mme. Rénan's innocent young people; and otherwise qualifies himself for the punishment of violent death he meets in the last chapter. The story is as feeble in design and execution as may be, though as innocent in purpose as if it were written by Edmie Edsen, the innocent heroine herself.

A pleasant little volume is *Paul and Christina*, a simple story of fishing life in the Shetland Islands. The author, Mrs. Barr, has an intimate acquaintance with the ancient and peculiar characteristics of the Shetland folk, as well as a sympathetic feeling for the wild and lonely scenery of the coast-line and dreary inland stretches. One could wish for a little further detailed description of the fishing people and their ways, for Mrs. Barr writes from personal knowledge of them, and what she does give is interesting. The mixture of Pagan superstitions surviving in the midst of a strong Calvinistic creed, and the rough, wild, wholesome, vigorous life of the men and women lend themselves to story and romance. The married life of Paul Thorsen and his beautiful rebellious Christina gives, as it is told, a vivid picture of native manners, and curious they are in their mixture of plain plenty and vulgar

* *Katia*. By Count Léon Tolstói. Translated from the French. London: Tubbner & Co. 1887.

Major and Minor. By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1887.

The Mesmerist's Secret. By Daniel Dormer. London: J. & R. Maxwell.

Paul and Christina. By Amelia E. Barr. London: Clarke & Co. 1887.

dissipation. There are lawless smugglers as well as pious fishers in those remote regions, and the smugglers may be as strict in their religious observances as the "unco guid" themselves, though their breaches of the law are sometimes denounced from the pulpit. It is interesting to find the old Norse names still so much in use. Helga Bork, Magnus Yool, Ragon and Jeppa Sabay, Dirke Biron, Aljoe (a woman's name), Hacon, Gisla, and Suneva, are amongst the names found in Shetland to-day. Doubtless many of these worthy gentry drink too much of their smuggled gin and brandy; but it is a pity the author allowed her zeal for temperance to spoil the Thorsen interior by making pretty Christina a victim to the vice.

SOME HEINE BOOKS.*

ALTHOUGH the cheap copyright edition of Heine's works which heads the list of books on which this article is written has been complete for rather more than a year, it has not, we think, attracted quite as much attention as it deserves in England, and probably there are some Heine-lovers who do not know of its existence. The poet of the *Buch der Lieder* was formerly one of the dearest poets (in the old joking sense of "the most expensive") to be anywhere found. Malicious gossip used to say that he drove uncommonly hard bargains with his publishers, stipulating for payment by the page for all the half-titles and fly-leaves of which he was so fond; and so the publishers were to a certain extent justified in taking it out of the public. The old "Miniature" edition was very pretty, very handy, and very dear; the others resembled it in the last, if not in the two first, respects. But Messrs. Hoffmann and Campe were both wiser folks in their generation, and better friends to letters than some of their English confrères, who seem to think that the best way to honour a man of letters out of whom their fathers have made money is to make his works practically inaccessible till the privateer steps in at the expiration of a copyright, and even afterwards if he does not step in. Just before the expiration of the Heine copyrights the Hamburg publishers began this very handsome and convenient little edition, which is unadorned, and (thank Heaven!) unannotated, but is thoroughly well printed, and bound plainly but neatly and with exceptional strength, at the modest price of a mark (shilling) a volume. Thus for twelvence you can buy the *Buch der Lieder*, for three shillings the whole poems, except the dramas, and for twelve (the thirteenth only contains the biography) the entire works, including the *Memoiren* and fragments published the other day, but, of course, excluding a few letters, &c. Each of the volumes is easily pocketable, though the print is as large and as clear as any arrangement of the detestable zigzag pothooks and hangers (the retention of which is the only great crime at Prince Bismarck's door, though, of course, from his point of view there is much excuse for him) can ever be. And while the volumes will last a long time in their present simple garb, they are worth any coat that the purchaser likes or can afford to bestow on them. Except in the case of men long dead, no English author that we can think of enjoys a form of presentation at once so neat, so handy, and so cheap.

The edition (we are, of course, not ignorant that not a few others have been produced in competition with it) deserves, we say, recommending, for the repute of Heine is constantly growing, and constantly deserves to grow, among competent judges. And among such judges (despite the fond attempt of a few of them to perform the unperformable) it is perfectly well agreed that it is only in German that Heine can be read with any chance of real appreciation. The two books which we are going shortly to notice illustrate for the twentieth time and more the truth of this, but they may at least, as all such attempts—even ill-advised ones—do, send somebody from the false copies to the true original. It is hardly too fantastic to say that, if some one were to write without music what he considered English equivalents of the *Songs without Words*, the proceeding would hardly be rasher than the attempt to strip the *Buch der Lieder* and its fellows of that original and incomparable word-music which (full as they are of meaning as well) is their greatest, their most abiding, and, above all, their most peculiar and individual charm.

If it were not that German is even by Germans the most mispronounced language in the world, it would be nearly impossible to understand the old theory about harshness and guttural, about hissing and grunting. As it is, it may be granted that to hear five Germans out of six speak is very unpleasant; but then to hear the sixth is not unpleasant at all, and it is quite possible to hear the music of the language without attending to the way in which the people talk it. For that eccentric race appears to have reserved all its oral music for inarticulate sounds. Schumann and Heine complete each other, and whether the former has or has not formally set any particular words, there is always a Schumannic air, in the ears of all who can hear, attending everything that Heine has written. The poems at their best (and they are nearly always at their best) are simply music of themselves. Their meaning would hardly matter a straw, except that, as a matter of fact, it is always the mean-

ing best suited to the music. As we never ourselves tried the following experiment, we cannot say what would happen. But it would really be interesting to take an intelligent person with a taste for poetry, but who did not know a word of German, and read to him, say, the "Mein süßes Lieb, wenn du im Grab," the stanzas of the *Nord-See* about the grey daughters of the air, the end of *Bimini*, and a few more, and then to ask the intelligent person what he thought they meant. Something, no doubt, would depend upon the reader; but we are really very much inclined to believe that the subject of the experiment, at least in a majority of cases, would be able to make a very fair shot. Whether he did or did not, we are very certain indeed that he would echo with even better reason the approval of Mr. Pope, sr. (as they would say in America) and say "these are good rhymes." And so they are—rhymes good like few.

Miss Kroeker has made a slight, but a not very important, misnomer of her title, for it is hardly necessary to say that her volume is composed, not of poems selected from Heinrich Heine, but from poems selected from English translations of Heinrich Heine, which, as it happens, is a very different matter. She has herself translated the whole *Nord-See*—a parlous task—and a few other poems, and she has gathered the rest. It is unlucky that the two translated volumes of the "Canterbury Poets," of which series this forms one, should have been Hugo and Heine, the most untranslatable, probably, with the addition of Blake, who have ever lived. And the most untranslatable of these three is Heine. To say that we have never seen a good translation of Heine's verse in our life would be harsh and sweeping; to say that we have never seen an adequate one would be the strictest and soberest critical truth. Many, if not most, of the versions collected here are of course generally known, and in re-reading them we can only say that we are more than ever struck by their completeness of failure. Miss Kroeker herself has done the unrhymed Pindarics of the *Nord-See* fairly; but what, oh! what could have induced her to defile one of the most exquisite songs of the world by the hideous Americanism, more hideous than ever in its inverted and topsy-turvised atrocity—

Its pearls doth have the ocean?

Less intrinsically hideous, but equally massacring to the beauty of the original, and far more inexcusable in its utter infidelity, is the crime of a certain Franziska Ruge, who has dared to translate

Welche sterben wenn sie lieben—

five of the simplest possible words, which have brought tears to many cold and careless eyes—by the abominable platitude,

Whom love slayeth by its ardour.

Things like this are so dreadful that one is only prevented by an innate reverence for books from flinging the accursed volume into the nearest fire or on the nearest dunghill. But of course all is not thus. Mr. Garnett, Mr. Leland, Miss Alma Strettell, have in not a few instances come fairly near the heavenly music of Heine's verse—in a looser and more paraphrastic style, giving, indeed, little of the beauty of the original, but substituting very fair prettiness of their own. Sir Theodore Martin and the late Lord Lytton have done, if not excellently, yet well; Mr. Bowring is not always inadequate; and the luckless author of the "City of Dreadful Night" had strokes more Heinesque than perhaps any other Englishman. But looking over this volume makes us more certain than before that never shall any one who knows Heine only by translations know even the hundredth part of his magic. To know that magic is of itself more than a sufficient recompense for any trouble involved in learning German, which is saying not a little.

We have had more than one occasion of pointing out that the difficulty of translating Heine's prose, though not approaching impossibility, as in the case of his verse, is yet very great. Still, Havelock Ellis, who has essayed the humbler task in the companion Camelot series of the same publisher, has something by no means impossible to do. He or she (for the gender of Havelock is not self-apparent) appears to have gone on the principle of taking for the most part, though not invariably, existing translations, and revising—not perhaps the most satisfactory way of proceeding, but as good as can be expected, except from pure labour of love and something like genius. The title, "the Prose Writings," is distinctly misleading, for nothing like all the works is given, nor is all given of those which appear. This is even a more dubious proceeding than the other, for by it we have neither "beauties," nor the entire work, nor any portion of that work in a substantive and complete condition. We must confess, however, that the editor's preface might prepare a judicious reader for any lack of judgment. If it were not breaking a butterfly, it would really be rather amusing to take this preface to pieces, and show how it exemplifies in little the chief literary faults of the present day—allusiveness without knowledge, preciousness of style without taste, and, above all, the most naïf and childlike belief that, if you don't believe in Christianity as your fathers did, you possess the sole and sufficient *Wesen des Gelehrten*. Thus Havelock Ellis talks about "that Everlasting Gospel, which from the time of Joachim of Flora downwards, &c." It would be great fun to get him in a corner before he had time to consult encyclopedias, and find out what he really knows about the Everlasting Gospel and "Joachim of Flora." Also he thinks that in a few years part at least of "the significance of Heine will be lost." A mystic saying, not fully explained, but apparently meaning from the context that

* Heine's sämtliche Werke. Bibliothek-Ausgabe in dreizehn Bänden. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe.

Poems selected from Heinrich Heine. By Kate Freiligrath Kroeker. London: Walter Scott. 1887.

The Prose Writings of Heinrich Heine. Edited, with an Introduction, by Havelock Ellis. London: Walter Scott. 1887.

great part of Heine's humour is derived, as it undoubtedly is, from a sense of religion once held, if held no longer, and that in the merry days coming, when religion, at least Christian or Jewish religion, will be a mere ghost of the past, sympathy with this will be lacking. However, if Havelock Ellis loves Heine anything but wisely, there is no doubt that he or she loves him as well as may be, and that is always a great thing, even in the case of people who talk about "sound-cored iconoclasts," "sane and massive paganism," "large revolutionary thirsts" (*sic*), and so forth.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

IN *Hints for the Solution of Problems in the Third Edition of Solid Geometry* (Macmillan, 1887) we have the fulfilment of Dr. Frost's promise to which we alluded when we noticed his text-book. The *raison d'être* of such a work nowadays, when mathematical students are oppressed with a plethora of subjects, is obvious, and the way in which the author has executed his task lays these students under great obligation. The solutions are concise, and yet clearly put, without too much aid being given, and thus there is scope left for the exercise of the student's own ability. The working through the collection has also been productive of great gain in another way; it has led to the detection of many errors and omissions in the statement of the problems. Much time and labour are often wasted in consequence of some trifling inaccuracy in the wording of a problem. The *Hints* should certainly accompany the *Solid Geometry*. To his previous excellent text-books on *Trigonometry* and *Arithmetic* the Rev. J. B. Lock has now added *Dynamics for Beginners* (Macmillan, 1887). There have been cases within our knowledge in which the writers upon this difficult subject have plainly shown that they themselves required instruction, but Mr. Lock is not one of these writers. He is not only a pastmaster in the subject, but he has drawn up in clear and terse paragraphs a text-book which goes carefully into the difficulties which young beginners meet with, and makes the rough places smooth for them. In accordance with a suggestion which we have heard more than once made by Mr. Hayward, himself an able exponent of mechanical matters, the author devotes the opening chapters to a treatment of what is called *Linear Dynamics*; he then takes up the subject of *Direction*, discusses several illustrations (as projectiles, Newton's Laws, relative motion, and the hodograph), and winds up with a good section on *Energy*. A novel feature is the introduction of such terms as *velo, celo*, and some others for the units of velocity, acceleration, and so on; these, though they are not very euphonious, will be useful until they are superseded by better ones. The parts we have more carefully read we have found to be put with much freshness, and altogether the treatment is such as to make the subject interesting to an intelligent pupil. In addition to a number of exercises in the text, there are several Cambridge and other examination papers at the end; these latter furnish a clue to the range of reading required in the several cases.

Elementary Trigonometry, by the Rev. T. Roach (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1887), calls for no special comment. It is written entirely on the usual lines, and contains the usual stock articles. We come to this conclusion after a careful perusal; but then who could write a novel *Trigonometry*? It is admirably got out in the usual "Press" style, and is an elegant book in its appearance. There is a good collection of examples and of examination papers. We have not detected many errata in Mr. Roach's book, but typographical errors abound in our next work on the same subject—namely, *Practical and Theoretical Trigonometry for General Use*, by Dr. H. Evers (W. Scott, 1887). This, the title informs us, is "intended as an Introduction to that Study, with numerous examples taken from *Examination Papers*, with a very large number of hints for solution, especially to the more difficult problems." With such an object in view it behoved the author to use double-extra pains in guarding against slips and other errors, whereas he seems to have bestowed very little care upon reading his "proofs." And yet again another work on this hackneyed theme! This time it is a booklet, entitled *My First Trigonometry*, by M. H. Senior (Swan Sonnenschein, 1887), a sequel to the same writer's *My First Mensuration*. There are some good features in this little work, which embodies an attempt to bring the study of trigonometry within the "capacity" of all except junior classes in schools. There are numerous trifling errors which may easily be corrected in the event of there being a second edition of the book.

We turn now to a subject which has given "toothache" to more boys than young Tulliver—namely, that of geometry, as presented in Mr. A. E. Layng's *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, Book I, with notes, examples, and exercises (Blackie's Elementary Text-books, 1887). No marked departure is made from the text of Simson's edition; but the propositions are given in a clear and concise fashion, and are accompanied by a very large collection of elementary exercises. The book is capably printed, the figures are clearly drawn, and the form is handy. There are few mistakes, we believe, in the grouping of the exercises and in the text. It is a good book on its lines for beginners. In *A Manual of Practical Solid Geometry*, adapted to the requirements of military students and draughtsmen, compiled by Major W. Gordon Ross

(Cassell, 1887), is good store of information useful for such students. Our author being a professor in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, it is a natural consequence that his work follows the course of geometrical drawing there studied. More special attention than usual in such books is paid to the "system of vertical indices," and there is a somewhat novel section on the defile of works of fortification.

Mr. Hamblin Smith adds yet another to his long line of mathematical text-books by the publication of *An Introduction to the Study of Geometrical Conic Sections* (Rivingtons, 1887). The reader does not expect to find anything strikingly original in Mr. Smith's work, but he looks for a neat presentment of old familiar facts in a form suited to writing out. The book before us, for instance, is founded on Dr. C. Taylor's classic work; the respective propositions culled are arranged with considerable skill, and form a capital introduction to the subject. Starting from a discussion of conical surfaces, our author takes us in the usual order—i.e. the curves are discussed in the sequence of parabola (orthogonal projection interpolated), ellipse, hyperbola. We have noticed that the converse of a proposition is frequently assumed; but the author does not point out that it is the converse he is quoting instead of the direct proposition. This is, no doubt, a slight matter, as the converse is true in all the cases we have noticed; but we have known boys to be very quick in noting the difference. We may have overlooked some proposition; but it appears to us that Mr. Smith has given no authority for the form of his ellipse on p. 50. By finding a number of points as indicated on p. 49 a student might get his form, but we have always looked upon the getting of this figure as somewhat of a crux in the early stage. The shading of the cone on p. 3 appears to be slightly defective. We should like to have a uniformity of lettering in the problems; this is a point which has been prominently brought forward in the *Syllabus* prepared by the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching. The want of it has led the author—who has most probably taken his questions from examination papers—to give some of them in duplicate. To sum up, this will be a very useful book for junior pupils. There is one peculiarity which makes a reader think that the different parts of the book were compiled at appreciably different times, and that is the use of the mood which follows "it." In the Introduction we have the indicative. In the text to p. 64 we have the subjunctive, and after this point we have variety. This variety seems to indicate a want of careful revision of the "proof." In evidence of Mr. Smith's success in catering for teachers, we need only announce the receipt of a copy of the tenth edition of his *Treatise on Arithmetic*, to which he now brings out a very handy supplement in the form of *Exercises in Arithmetic* (Rivingtons, 1887). These consist of 200 sets of papers in illustration of his text, and are accompanied by the answers at the end. The title of *Four Figure Mathematical Tables: comprising Logarithmic and Trigonometrical Tables, and Tables of Squares, Square Roots, and Reciprocals*, by J. T. Bottomley (Macmillan, 1887) sufficiently explains the nature of the work. The book is handy in its form and serviceable in the laboratory and elsewhere; there is a useful collection of "constants" and a few formulae appended at the end of the book. Candidates for army, navy, and matriculation examinations will find a good practice in working through *Text Papers in Algebra*, by W. M. Lupton (Longmans, 1887).

We have not space left us to adequately discuss the merits of the admirable text-book, *Higher Algebra; a Sequel to Elementary Algebra for Schools*, by Messrs. Hall and Knight (Macmillan, 1887). It does not go into an exhaustive discussion of principles, like the recent treatises by Chrystal and Oliver, Wait and Jones, do, but it is drawn up more on the lines of Todhunter and Gross; to the former writer our authors suitably acknowledge their indebtedness. Using his treatise as a stepping-stone, they have, in our opinion, produced a better book. Some parts, which our authors have previously treated of, are here discussed in much fuller detail, and they have presented such difficult parts of the subject as convergency and divergency of series, series generally and probability (in drawing up this chapter they have had the valuable assistance of the Rev. T. C. Simmons, an expert in this branch), with great clearness and fulness of illustration. Recent works have accustomed us to the introduction of determinants, but our authors extend the subject so as to include a good slice of the elementary portions of Theory of Equations. No student preparing for the University should omit to get this work in addition to any other he may have, for he need not fear to find here a mere repetition of the old story. We have found much matter of interest and many valuable hints which we look to utilize in our preparation of pupils for college examinations. We would specially note the examples, of which there are enough, and more than enough, to try any student's powers.

SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press confer a great boon on students of botany, and scientific readers generally, by their issue of Professor Sachs's *Lectures on the Physiology of Plants*, translated by Professor Marshall Ward, of the Forestry School, Cooper's Hill. In its original form this great work is already well known, being the only adequate attempt made to present

intelligibly to cultivated readers the results of the physiological research of botanists during the last quarter of a century. There are forty-six lectures occupying over eight hundred pages, and classified under six heads—namely, Organography, Properties of Plants, Nutrition, Growth, Irritability, Reproduction. Of these the most fully treated are the first, the third, and the fourth—thus vascular plants occupy four lectures, cells and tissue also four, the process of transpiration two, and so of other topics in proportion. The numerous excellent woodcuts are a valuable feature of Professor Sachs's treatise, nor should we omit to mention honourably the admirably-complete index (thirty-four pages of three columns each), which has been compiled for the English translation.

In *Hydraulic Power and Hydraulic Machinery* (Griffin & Co.), by Professor Robinson, of King's College, we have evidence of the increasing interest taken in water-pressure machinery and the extended field which has of late years opened out for its employment and development. The book is illustrated by numerous lithographic plates, clearly and accurately drawn to scale, which must readily recommend the author's instruction to practical engineers. Under the head of "Flow of Water under Pressure" we note a good account of recent experiments, with remarks on their practical value and the new formulæ deduced.

The Steam Engine, by Mr. George C. V. Holmes, appears to be included in the series "Text-books of Science" (Longmans & Co.), and carries abundant evidence throughout of being well adapted for practical instruction in several points not generally taken up in elementary text-books. Mr. Holmes has great success in his treatment of some things counted abstruse, although he assumes on the part of the student no advanced mathematical skill whatever, and not the slightest acquaintance with the sciences of heat and motion. Thus we have thermodynamics discussed, with regard to the steam-engine as an apparatus for converting heat into mechanical work, to those effects on the motion of a quick-running engine which are due to the inertia of its reciprocating parts, and to the methods of diminishing the losses of efficiency in expansive engines. In one important particular Mr. Holmes has improved on many previous works in this department—formulæ are never given without an indication of the steps by which they have been reached. A good set of examination questions is annexed.

Mr. J. H. Merivale's *Notes and Formulæ for Mining Students* (Crosby Lockwood & Co.) is a compact gathering of definitions, tables, statistics, and other results relating to mines, the strength of materials, machinery, chemistry, and other more or less closely allied subjects. There are good references at the end of each section to books for consultation.

An *Introduction to Machine Drawing and Design* (Longmans & Co.), by Mr. D. A. Low, is well adapted for training young engineers in design and the accurate geometrical representation of all the more ordinary details of mechanical work and construction. There are exercises given to be reproduced to given dimensions on a scale different from that of the copy, and others where the student has to construct the working drawing for some part of a machine previously described by calculating the dimensions according to rules laid down. The remarks accompanying the book-work are frequently of great practical value and significance.

Mr. Sidney Young's *Questions on Physics* (Rivingtons) are a series of exercises for students preparing for the B.A. degree of the London University or similar examinations. They are followed by answers to the arithmetical questions, and some useful tables. *Lessons in Elementary Practical Physics*, Vol. II., *Electricity and Magnetism* (Macmillan & Co.), by Professor Balfour Stewart and Mr. W. W. Haldane Gee, belongs to the handsome series "Manuals for Students," which we have already had occasion to notice favourably. The present work consists of eighty-three lessons; each clearly, precisely, and fully descriptive of something to be done by a definite method with definite apparatus. The leading points are measurement of resistance, applications of the tangent galvanometer, and electro-magnetism. The use of the galvanometers, slide-bridges, electrometers, and other instruments is detailed briefly, but with admirable precision; and in general the apparatus as well as the methods are as simple in type as possible. Occasionally there are valuable references to fuller sources of information. The chief fault of this text-book is that neither the authors nor the publishers have thought of supplementing its multitudinous subdivisions, names, topics, and terms with an index.

The third course of the Burnett Lectures at Aberdeen, *On the Beneficial Effects of Light* (Macmillan & Co.), now completes the series delivered by Professor Stokes more than a year and a half ago. The more palpable of the beneficial effects due to light are winds, clouds, rain, rivers; there is also the mechanical value of sunlight; and on it depend the various sources of warmth and the energy of animals as derived from their food. The concluding lecture has reference to the original object of the Burnett Foundation and the new direction recently given by order of the Home Secretary.

A Century of Electricity, by Mr. T. C. Mendenhall, is one of the "Nature Series" (Macmillan & Co.). This book is a review of the history of electricity, dating from 1786, the date of Galvani's discovery of what was termed "animal electricity," although the Leyden jar had been invented in 1745, and such writers as Franklin and Coulomb had already obtained valuable results. Mr. Mendenhall surveys the field he has chosen in a pleasant, intelli-

gent manner, without any affectation of originality or scientific attainment.

The *Practical Organic Chemistry* (Macmillan & Co.) of Mr. J. B. Cohen appears to contain within its two hundred small pages much valuable matter well compressed. Its object is to serve as a laboratory guide for advanced students by the careful preparation of a well-selected series of organic compounds, and a previous course of instruction in the principles of organic chemistry is manifestly implied.

Chemistry for Beginners (Sampson Low & Co.), by Mr. R. L. Taylor, is written mainly for those reading for the examination of the Science and Art Department. It bears intrinsic evidence of having been compiled by a trustworthy and painstaking instructor; and from its clearness of method, as well as its amount of choice matter, seems thoroughly suited for "higher grade Board Schools" or elementary science classes in any school.

A School Flora (Rivingtons), by Mr. W. M. Watts, is evidently the result of considerable botanical skill and enthusiasm. It will be heartily welcomed as a companion in many a pleasant walk.

A SCRATCH FOUR.*

THERE is a diverting sport, prevalent at certain seasons of the year at each of the great Universities, known as "Scratch Fours." The competitors assemble at a boat-house, and are there divided by lot into crews of as many four-oared boats as they will occupy, and the crews thus miscellaneous assorted forthwith row races for "pots," or a money prize in the nature of a sweepstake, with or without "added money," according to the solvency and liberality of the boat club or other body promoting the contest. As the individual competitors are commonly of widely different aquatic ability, and the crews as made up are necessarily deprived of the advantages of practice, "scratch fours" is usually an extremely sporting event, and things are not considered to have gone off well unless the occupants of at least one of the competing craft have been submerged beneath the billow. (There is, however, no good reason for believing that such proceedings have ever entirely lacked this attractive feature.) The four volumes which *Destiny*, in the fulfilment of its inscrutable purposes, has on the present occasion joined together in a single batch for submission to the ordeal of criticism have a certain analogy with the individual oarsmen composing an ideal scratch four. They shall, therefore, be considered in the order in which a judicious captain would arrange their human analogues, beginning with the after thwart. For the important post of stroke it is usual to select the individual who combines the liveliest style and the greatest familiarity with the art of watermanship with a reasonable degree of brute strength and animal courage. The analogous literary qualities unquestionably belong, in the present instance, to the gallant Augustus Le Plongeon, who is therefore appointed stroke, and will be criticized first. Lumpish but powerful rowers go in the middle of the boat, and even so the stodgy productions of Dr. McCosh and Mrs. Penelope Fitzgerald entitle them to be Nos. 3 and 2. The lightest man in the crew rows bow, or thereabouts, as a general rule, and Mr. Hazlehurst is far the lightest of the present company. It does not really make much difference whether we put Dr. McCosh 3 and Mrs. Fitzgerald 2, or vice versa, for both are heavy, and neither is stylish. The gentleman takes the seat of comparative honour chiefly because stroke is considerably stronger than bow, and the President's sex and experience therefore seem to suggest the propriety of his occupying a more laborious station than that of his coadjutor. The stroke-side oars will have a tendency to pull the others round; but this, as every rowing man knows, is a fault on the right side, as it is partly counterbalanced by the bow-side oars being further forward.

To begin with stroke. Mr. Le Plongeon is the only man and Mrs. Le Plongeon the only woman who knows anything about the Mayas. This is of the more importance because all early history is Maya history, and the origin of freemasonry, civilization, and all other human institutions is Maya. Yet so stupid, so arrogant, and so bigoted are men of science in the United States, that they will not take the trouble to investigate the Mayas, or rather the ruins and inscriptions which they have left behind them, and what is even more aggravating, they will not even find the money for Mr. Le Plongeon to do it thoroughly. Nay, so far does prejudice extend that at least two New York publishers absolutely refused to publish Mr. Le Plongeon's book on any terms whatever, averring that the American public considered the Mayas, if any, brutal savages, and took no interest in them. Happily Mr. Macoy was less stupid, and may have built himself an everlasting name. "May have" is all that can be said, because Mr. Le Plongeon plainly states that, if the publication of his present work does

* *Sacred Mysteries among the Mayas and the Quiches 11,500 years ago.* Illustrated. By Augustus Le Plongeon, Author of "Vestiges of the Mayas" &c. New York: Robert Macoy.

Psychology: the Motive Powers, Emotions, Conscience, Will. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., President of Princeton College, Author of "Method of Divine Government" &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

A Treatise on the Principles of Sufficient Reason. By Mrs. F. F. Fitzgerald. London: Thomas Laurie. 1887.

The Invisible Telegraph of the Future. Foretold in the Year of Her Majesty's Jubilee. By Geo. S. Hazlehurst. London: Trübner & Co. 1887.

not find him a capitalist—certain promoters of speculative enterprises in London are believed to call it a "Juggins"—to exploit the Mayas, he will give it up as a bad job, and let the world roll on in its present beastly ignorance of the beginnings of its own civilization. In order to assist our gallant stroke in his last effort to avert this dire consummation, we proceed to give the substantial results of his investigation up to the present time. We cannot indicate in detail the methods whereby Mr. Le Plongeon has arrived at his conclusions, partly because we have not room, and partly because he does not do so himself. His perfect acquaintance with the Maya language, and the sources of his information about Maya history, must be taken on trust. This does not prevent his discoveries from being of the most entrancing interest. Here are some of the chief of them. In 9613 B.C. the Mayas lived in the peninsula of Yucatan. Their empire spread over the whole of Central America. The only other civilized people in the world were to be found in Maya colonies, from the principal two of which descended the Egyptians and the Hindoos. Whether there were any uncivilized people Mr. Le Plongeon does not say. About this time Can, King of the Mayas, died. According to the civilized Maya custom, his youngest son Coh had to marry his (Can's) eldest daughter Moo, in order to keep the royal blood pure. Aac, the second son of Can, was jealous of Coh, and murdered him by stabbing him in the back. Moo refused to marry Aac, so he skinned her, and wore her head in his belt. Meanwhile Coh had been embalmed and buried, and his heart cremated, and the cinders buried with him in an urn. Mr. Le Plongeon found Coh's heart, and has had it analysed by Principal Charles O. Thompson, of the Worcester Free Institute, and proved to be heart. This explains several things. Why is 3 a sacred number? Because Can had three sons. Also, in a secondary degree, because there were three continents immediately under Maya rule—namely, North and South America, and Atlantis, which occupied the site of the Atlantic Ocean, and disappeared one night in "a cataclysm." This has been supposed to be a fable, but it is Maya history. Why is 5 a more sacred number? Because Can had five children. Why is 7 a most sacred number? Because there were seven people in Can's family. Hence we infer that Can had no other wife besides his eldest sister. Why (this speculation, unlike the preceding three, is not Mr. Le Plongeon's, but our own) is 9 not a sacred number at all? Because—happily, as it appears—this fortunate family was not more extensive. The history of subsequent civilization is that in Egypt, and elsewhere, the priests among the original Maya colonists kept the esoteric mysteries of religion to themselves, and taught only the exoteric ones, which in turn became esoteric to a subsequent generation, and so on. Sacred mysteries have been kept unusually esoteric in Thibet—for the trail of the Spook is over Mr. Le Plongeon as it was over the Mayas. Egypt taught Greece a good deal of Maya lore, including Eleusinian mysteries, and "Kon-x Om Pan-x, which, strange to say, have no meaning in the Greek language," but are purely and simply Mayax for "get out." All traditions are of Mayax origin. Osiris and Isis were Coh and Moo. Cain and Abel were Aac and Coh. Such is the "key" which "Mrs. Le Plongeon and myself" have "at last found" to everything. The one question is whether anybody will pay for opening the remaining doors with it or not. It will be observed that nothing has been said about the Quiches. Mr. Le Plongeon just mentions that there were some about the same time as the Mayas. Heaven only knows why he puts them on his title-page. Perhaps when he gets the money he will find out that, after all, the Mayas were only an offshoot of the Quiches. No one can deny that Mr. Le Plongeon has one quality which is an excellent thing in stroke. He "catches the beginning."

No. 3 is the venerable and indefatigable Dr. McCosh, whose condescension in figuring in such company is only to be paralleled by that of the University oarsman who casts off his dignity to make up a scratch four with two freshmen and a hero of the Senate-House or the Schools. He shall give his own account of the design of his work:—"Having treated of the cognitive powers in a previous volume, I am in this to unfold the characteristics of the motive, as they have been called the orective, the impulsive, the appetent powers; the feelings, the affections, the sentiments, the heart." This is the second paragraph of the Doctor's introduction, and the fifth, which occurs on the same page, begins as follows:—"Having treated of the cognitive powers in Vol. I, I am in this to unfold the characteristics of the motive powers, as they are called the orective, the appetent, the impulsive powers; the feelings, the sentiments, the affections, the heart." It will be conceded that a statement made in so peculiarly emphatic a manner is probably accurate. Dr. McCosh first explains what he means by emotions, which he also calls appetences and by other names. Then he explains which emotions (appetences, &c.) he means. He points out that people like and dislike all sorts of things in all sorts of ways. Also they may like and dislike the same things at the same times. For instance, "A mother hears of her son being slain on the field of battle, fighting bravely for his country, and having only time, ere he expired, to send one message, and that of undying love to her." This makes her sorry because he is dead, but also glad because he "was generous and brave, and he remembered me [by the rules of syntax "me" here means Dr. McCosh] in his last conscious moments, and I [Dr. McCosh] would rather be the mother of that son than of a king or an emperor." Also, "What a horror of thick darkness when the mother has to brood over the grave of a son who died in a fit of drunkenness!" There are other emotions, too, concerning

warmth, physical beauty, intellectual beauty, the picturesque, the ludicrous, the sublime, and much else. Then there are the conscience and the will, and Dr. McCosh utters many disjointed words about them, and thinks his will is free. An appetence he does not mention, but illustrates with bewildering frequency, is the indiscriminate love of metaphors. His exciting but wordy chapters contain about a dozen to the page on the average, of which we like best an allusion to the occasions "when society bites with its scorpion stings." Scorpions, Dr. McCosh, bite (if at all) with their mouths, and sting with their tails.

"I live in the light of the thought of my Annie." These words, originally written by poet Poe, summarize the impressions of him who rises from the perusal of the stupendous and chaotic volume wherein Mrs. Penelope Fitzgerald has been pleased to indicate the principle of sufficient reason. It is a beautiful line, and Mrs. Penelope Fitzgerald quotes it again and again. It would be pleasant to be able to say how often, but human abilities are not equal to the task of counting. It is not less than seven times, and it cannot be more than four hundred, because there are several pages on which it does not occur. The difficulty of counting is much aggravated by the fact that the whole book, but for an introduction, a conclusion, and an "author's address to reader," amounting altogether to less than ten pages, occupies one colossal chapter, which endures for 403 pages, and contains hundreds upon hundreds of quotations and misquotations in prose and poetry. About the first quarter of it consists of detached statements about the human mind, under its aliases of the intellect, the will, the affections, the feelings, and so on. None of these statements are new, and a good many of them are not true. Mrs. Penelope Fitzgerald discourses with extraordinary glibness in German and other slang about efficient cause, sufficient cause, and final cause, about subject and object, about thought being a cord with three strands, about the what, the how, and the why, and she makes no sort of attempt to arrange anything. Nor does she explain what she means by any of the above-mentioned words, or any others, so that she is almost as dark as she is long. The other three-quarters are more satisfactory, being merely an elaboration, with the aid of innumerable quotations, of the assertions that the principle of sufficient reason requires that everything should have a reason for existing, and that the reason which everything has for existing is that "I live in the light of the thought of my Annie." It is also expressed as conjugal love, of which Mrs. Penelope Fitzgerald has the highest opinion. She thinks that what everybody wants is "the Best for Being," and that the Best for Being is marrying the right person. Also that there is a right person for everybody to marry—which does not account for the preponderance of females in the population of the world—and that there is only one, which shows that second marriages cannot be justified. "I live in the light of the thought of my Annie," and not of any one else's Annie; nor does any one else "live in the light of the thought of my Annie," or (presumably) my Annie in the light of the thought of any one but me. Mrs. Fitzgerald further maintains in the most uncompromising manner that all love is mutual, and that what is not reciprocated is not love. Therefore there is no such thing as a lover whose love is not returned, which will be news to several hundred of the poets upon whom Mrs. Fitzgerald has levied contributions. It is not to be supposed that this short and plain account of Mrs. Penelope Fitzgerald's message to "the reflective public" (to whom the "address to the reader" intimates that the work is addressed) leaps to the eyes of any one casually looking through her volume. On the contrary, the brain of such a one would reel at the mass of rambling verbiage with which he would be confronted. But if an experienced reviewer conscientiously and doggedly peruses the whole work from the beginning to the end, that is the result which gradually suggests itself to him. The ceaseless reiteration of Poe's rather absurd line seems to gather up the widely straying tendencies of the treatise into that brief and coherent proposition. It is obviously inadequate; but it is a proposition, and that is something for Mrs. Penelope Fitzgerald's reader to be grateful for. One word must be said about Mrs. Penelope Fitzgerald's method of quotation. She quotes the same things over and over again, she generally misquotes, and she varies her misquotations in such a way as to show that she has perhaps less ear for metre than any one else who ever lived. On p. 63 we learn that "To Peter Bell 'a primrose by the river's bank' neither revealed creative power nor" some other things. The second line is not given. It probably is "To him looked pale and frail and dank." On p. 161 we meet with "a daisy by the river-brink," which Peter trod on, we should think. Finally on p. 193, "A primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose was to him." Lord Tennyson is also a great stumbling-block. There are many things to be said about *Locksley Hall*, but never could it fairly be alleged to contain the line "Love took the harp of life and struck its chords with might," to which words, in inverted commas, our author has dared to append the name "Tennyson." And which did his Lordship write—"He cometh not, she said. My life is weary! He cometh not," or "He cometh not, she said, he cometh not"? It seems almost as if, unlike the other Penelope, Mrs. Fitzgerald had got up at night to do over again what she had done in the day, with variations. No matter. The important passage is given in the same words every time. "I live in the light of the thought of my Annie." No. 2 can stay.

Except that you must have a bow in every boat, it really does not appear that there was much to be achieved by the publication of Mr. Hazlehurst's volume. It consists mainly of a very small

number of pages, with some pictures, copied, with permission, out of Messrs. Myers & Gurney's great book about Spooks. They have already been noticed in these columns. The new matter consists simply in the prediction that some time in the coming century "telepathy" will supersede telegraphy as a method of making business communications to distant places. Perhaps it will. The only thing to be said about it now is that when a single person is able to make, not a fortune, but a decent competence by telepathing intelligence to susceptible partners at a distance, that will be strong evidence of the existence of telepathy. Which having been frankly admitted, there appears to be no reason why our scratch four should not be allowed to disperse to the welcome signal of "Easy all!"

NEW LAW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.*

THE work in which Mr. Spens and Mr. Younger discuss the law relating to employers and employed is divided into five parts, of which Mr. Spens wrote four and Mr. Younger one, and they "desire to be considered as wholly independent of each other." Mr. Spens's parts constitute by themselves a fairly wide general view of the subject, embracing as they do statements of the law regulating the liabilities of employers of labour to other people for the negligence of their servants, their liability at common law to persons in their employment, their statutory liability to the same persons, and suggestions as to what alterations in the existing law on the latter subjects appear from experience to be desirable. Mr. Younger's contribution consists, in substance, of an elaborate review of the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, and the cases which have been decided as to its meaning and effect. The main peculiarity of the work is that English and Scotch decisions are mixed up in a manner somewhat alarming to English lawyers, among whom there is for the most part a tacit understanding that law north of the border is a matter of practical interest only to those whose destinies it immediately affects, and requiring to be known or studied in England only by philosophers and men of science. As the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, and most of the other Acts on the subject, extend to both parts of the country, the authors have done wisely in this particular, and there is no doubt that the decisions of Scotch judges quoted by them would be received here with due respect. But nevertheless the substantial result of the non-identity of English and Scotch law is that an English practitioner does not feel that Scotch cases are firm ground upon which he can take up his stand with the same confidence as if they were English. The parts of the work for which Mr. Spens is responsible are ostensibly designed for the public at large. It must be reluctantly admitted that the endeavour is hardly successful. The book is a law book and not a lay book. As a law book the substance of it is careful and good, though it leaves something to be desired in the matter of table of contents, index, typographical arrangement, and so forth. For instance, each page is headed, not with the title of the chapter, but with the title of the book, which is of no use at all. Mr. Spens, as every one knows who remembers the capital little book he published three or four years ago on the great Orr-Ewing case, is a decidedly patriotic Scot, but except for an occasional "will" which ought to be a "shall," and such small matters, he keeps his patriotism within very reasonable bounds.

It is impossible to read Mr. Richard Harris's little books without feeling some amount of personal regard for their author. He is so much in earnest, and so much of his advice about the conduct of legal proceedings is good, and, above all, he is in such good spirits with himself, his readers, and his subject, that the critic of average humanity endures his ceaseless flow of small wit with a pertinacious equanimity which would certainly not be

evoked by any writer of less or fewer amiable characteristics. For one thing, Mr. Harris's passionate love of metaphors compels admiration. He averages about four to the page, and they are collected from the most remote and surprising portions of the universe. A good many are "staggerers." Perhaps this is the most staggering of all. It occurs in some very just observations about the folly of filling counsel's briefs with what are called "observations," which are too frequently designed for the exhibition of the instructing solicitor's fine literary talent:—"... the writer can no more communicate his feelings to the prosaic advocate than a monthly nurse could transmit her sentiments in a wheelbarrow." Why in the name of all that is unexpected a monthly nurse? Is the transmission of sentiments in wheelbarrows common among persons who are not monthly nurses? It is passages like this that convince one that Mr. Harris's buoyant spirits make him positively strain after telling metaphorical illustrations. To tell the truth, they do not improve his work. Divested of its rhetorical ornament the bulk of Mr. Harris's advice is good. He is, however, strangely at sea about interrogatories. He objects to interrogatories altogether as a general thing, and no doubt before the Rules of 1883 they were greatly abused. But they have their uses, which Mr. Harris does not seem to understand. He lays down a bad rule (in italics):—"Interrogatories should not be used for the purpose of cross-examination." Many a trial, with all its attendant expense, has been rendered unnecessary by the destruction of the case of one side by means of cross-examining interrogatories. Mr. Harris quotes a particular interrogatory as carrying its own condemnation on its face:—"State when and where, and how, and under what circumstances, and for what purpose, and who was present, and what was said, when, as you allege, you paid the plaintiff the said sum of money, and whether the same was in notes, gold, silver, or by cheque?" If this interrogatory were put into English—though its meaning is apparent enough—it might be exceedingly useful. Mr. Harris condemns it utterly because it gives the defendant an opportunity of furnishing or inventing the answer. That is what it is for. If he has a true answer, and gives it, he may save the plaintiff the trouble of prosecuting a hopeless claim. If he cannot answer truly and satisfactorily, he must either make an admission which may be fatal, or commit himself to a definite falsehood, which is almost equally disadvantageous. In the next chapter but one Mr. Harris himself publishes a letter received by him from Mr. Nathan which is destructive of his own contention. "Your counsel," he says, "if he is worth his fee, will have taken care in interrogating to feel his way carefully, and force the other side to commit themselves very definitely to a statement of facts and motives and negotiations and conduct." Mr. Harris's book concludes with a very earnest, but rather muddle-headed, assertion of the medical fallacy about the defence of insanity. He starts, as some doctors do, from the totally erroneous assumption that no one who is mad ought ever to be held criminally responsible for what he does when mad. If this were so, of course the existing law would be wrong. What doctors who object to the law, and Mr. Harris, will not understand or admit, is that the law in effect decides that madness is sometimes an excuse for crime and sometimes not, and that the problem is to draw the distinguishing line. Mr. Harris reduces himself to absurdity by compelling himself, quite logically, to admit that no one ought to be punished for what he does when he is drunk. It is unnecessary to confute him further.

Mr. Collett's book on Torts, of which the sixth edition is now published, is designed for the use of students about to offer themselves as candidates in law examinations in India. It appears to have had great success, and it has certainly deserved it. It includes all the common heads of the law of torts, and is well written and arranged. Many of the references are to cases decided and reported in India, but nevertheless the book is so good that students in this country might use it as a text-book with advantage. Comparatively speaking, it deals rather with actual decisions than with a philosophical exposition of the principles upon which they depend. The chapter on damages at the end is careful and exhaustive. As a book of first reference, it is probably useful to practitioners; but it does not aim at being a text-book of authority.

The subject of the legal position of married women has already been treated of by Mr. Montague Lush with learning and ability in his well-known treatise entitled *The Law of Husband and Wife*. In his new book, which is much smaller, he reverts to the detailed consideration of the rights and duties of married women in respect of contracts to which they may become parties. The present work, no less than its predecessor, is that of a sound and painstaking lawyer. It contains, in an appendix, a valuable "Discussion on the Words in the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, 'in respect of her Separate Property,' and a Criticism on" the decisions *re Price, Stafford v. Stafford*; *re Shakespeare, Deakin v. Lakin*; and *exp. Gilchrist, re Armstrong*. The criticism is bold, but judicious, and the conclusion at which Mr. Lush arrives is, substantially, that "the separate property of a married woman now means... nothing more than the property of the wife separate from and independent of her husband or his marital right; just as the separate property of a partner in a firm denotes his private property as distinguished from that of the firm." If this were law it would follow, among other things, that, contrary to the decision of the Court of Appeal in *ex parte Gilchrist*, a married woman having a life estate settled to her separate use, and a general power of appointment, and carrying on a separate

* *Employers and Employed*. By Walter Cook Spens, Advocate, Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire, and Robert T. Younger, M.A., LL.B., Advocate. Glasgow: Maclelland and Sons. 1887.

Before Trial: together with a Treatise on the Defence of Insanity. By Richard Harris, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Hints on Advocacy" &c. London: Waterlow Brothers & Layton.

A Manual of the Law of Torts, and of the Measure of Damages. By Charles Collett, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, formerly a Judge of the High Court at Madras. Sixth edition. Madras: Higginbotham & Co.

Married Women's Rights and Liabilities in relation to Contracts, Torts, and Trusts. By Montague Lush, of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Law of Husband and Wife." London: Stevens & Sons. 1887.

The Law and Procedure of Summary Judgment on Specially Indorsed Writ under Order XIV. By C. Cavanagh, LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Law of Money Securities" &c. London: Waterlow & Sons. 1887.

Trustees' Guide to Investments. By Arthur Lee Ellis, M.A. B.C.L., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Reeves & Turner. 1887.

The Institute of Bankers—Questions on Banking Practice, from Vols. I.-V. of the Journal. Classified and Indexed by W. Talbot Agar, Barrister-at-Law, Secretary of the Institute of Bankers. Second edition. London: Effingham Wilson. 1887.

A Manual of Common Law for Practitioners and Students. By Josiah W. Smith, Q.C. Tenth edition. By J. Trustram, LL.B., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1887.

Wilson's Legal Handy Books—Income Tax: How to get it Refunded. Fourth edition. By Alfred Chapman, Esq. *How to Appeal against your Rates (in the Metropolis)*. By Andrew Douglas Lawrie, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. *Law of Trustees*. By R. Denny Urlin, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. New edition. London: Effingham Wilson & Co. 1887.

trade, could on being made bankrupt be compelled to exercise the power for the benefit of her creditors. It can hardly be questioned that Mr. Lush's contention is the one most in accordance with what is generally believed to be the guiding principle of the statute. The arrangement of the book is in numbered paragraphs on the "digest" principle. The index refers to the paragraphs, and not to the pages, an error which we trust that Mr. Lush will amend in future editions.

The method of obtaining summary judgment—that is, getting judgment in an action to which there is no defence without the action ever being tried or emerging from the obscurity of judges' chambers—is one of which the lay and non-trading public knows little. Yet the simple procedure of an especially indorsed writ under O. III. r. 6, and judgment under O. XIV., is one of great and growing importance. A large body of law has grown up as to what is or is not a special indorsement, and as to under what circumstances a defendant may get conditional or unconditional leave to defend. All this important matter is well and conveniently set out by Mr. Cavanagh. But though this branch of the law is admirably effective, simple, cheap, and speedy in its operation, the qualifications necessary to prevent it from becoming oppressive are necessarily intricate. Mr. Cavanagh's preface concludes with a timely warning to the intending litigant that there is hardly any branch of the law in which the party in person is more certain to come to grief. He further deserves all credit for his courage in frankly telling his readers that "of all economies the worst a litigant can be guilty of is to seek to dispense with counsel's services where counsel alone are competent to act and advise." Mr. Cavanagh's work is conscientious and exhaustive, and his book ought to be of great use.

Mr. A. L. Ellis hopes to be useful to "trustees and their advisers, by giving them an outline of the principles on which they should act as regards Trust Investments." Perhaps "hint" would have been a more strictly accurate word. The almost pathetically minute volume contains a list of stocks in which trustees are authorized by statute to invest unless otherwise directed. The text is about twice as long as a newspaper article. Mr. Ellis is quite right, however, not to omit the decision of Vice-Chancellor Bacon *in re Maberley* (in 1876) that the Court, as a matter of discretion, could not permit trustees to invest in Irish land. The fact alone is enough to convince any impartial historian of the "ghastly incompetence," as Mr. Gladstone would say, of Mr. Gladstone considered as a pacificatory legislator. Small though Mr. Ellis's book is, it is perhaps big enough to satisfy the intelligent trustee that the best thing he can do is to apply to be relieved of his trust.

We are glad to receive the second annual issue of Mr. J. A. Duncan's *Review of Mercantile Cases*. The idea is as well carried out this year as it was last, and for the convenience of mercantile men and lawyers we hope the series may be continued.

It seems that the "Banking Community" find the questions on law connected with banking, and the answers to them, which are periodically published in the *Journal of the Institute of Bankers*, useful. The collection prepared by Mr. Talbot Agar, the Secretary of the Institute, has accordingly reached a second edition. The questions are clear, and the answers explicit, and, so far as is revealed by a cursory examination, very reasonably correct. The value of such a work depends so much upon the index that it is a pity Mr. Agar's is not a little fuller and more thoughtfully arranged.

The tenth edition of Smith's *Manual of Common Law* resembles, *mutatis mutandis*, the other nine, and will doubtless be succeeded by many more.

Three of Wilson's *Legal Handy Books* reach us together. They cost a shilling each, and are of different colours. Red is Income-tax, green Rates, and purple Trustees. Of course as guides or authorities the value of these little books is exiguous. But they may set a man thinking, and cause him to seek advice. And in this modest way red and green deserve high praise. Red especially, because it is founded on the deplorable truth that many worthy men and women are yearly and unscrupulously cheated by the poundage-paid collectors of Income-tax—that tax on industry which is so much more hateful and anti-economical than a tax on food. It also announces the formation of an Income-tax Repayment Agency, which promises to help people who have been cheated, with the aid of their own ignorance, out of sums which ought to have been, but were not returned to them, to get their own. It is a miserable thing that such a society should be necessary, but it is very much wanted because the Acts are so intricate that hardly anybody understands them, and the officials so dilatory and so tenacious that very few people care to persist in claiming their rights. If the Agency is well advised and capably worked, it may do very great good. The green book also has merits, though we by no means hold with the author that ratepayers "have only themselves to thank if they allow themselves to be over-assessed." Justices will make compromises, and they are seldom favourable to the appellant. Still, the green book, like the red, may help the over-rated by setting them in the right track. The purple book is not so shining as either of the others. It is a good deal longer than Mr. Ellis's, but does not really give any more information. Howbeit it may, in its way, help to convey the solemn warning that it is not good for man to be a trustee.

CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

PROFESSOR RAMSAY'S *Selections from Tibullus and Propertius* does not fall under the condemnation which must be passed on too many school-books—the condemnation due to secondhandness and blunders. The solid value of his scholarship and the sympathetic delicacy of his criticism would be enough by themselves to recommend the *Selections*. He shows such a genuine interest in the lives and loves of Tibullus and Propertius that his readers catch the contagion, and become as anxious as he is to know the ins-and-outs of the lovers' quarrel between Cynthia and Propertius. This attractive sentimentalism is combined, where facts or inferences from facts are concerned, with clear reasoning and rigid accuracy—as e.g. on the probabilities which arise from analyzing the structure of the elegiac couplet and tracing the gradual approximation of Propertius to the Ovidian type. Below each of the selected elegies the chief variants and most important conjectures are carefully recorded; but we cannot help thinking that it is misplaced labour to construct an *apparatus criticus* for a fragmentary book. Professor Ramsay has taken about six hundred lines from Tibullus and twice as many from Propertius; in each case about a third of the whole. Generally he has been able to extract a complete elegy; but in a few of the poems he has made slight excisions. Professor Ramsay is justified, if anybody is, in chastening the classics on the ground that they are now entering into "the higher education of women." The Tibullus commentary is here and there over-weighted by extracts, sometimes of several pages together, from writings of the late Professor William Ramsay upon such subjects as the Lares (in their different classes), the Ambarvalia, and the functions of the Genius. On the other hand, we are told provokingly little about the Pitcher-kiss (*χίρπα*), so called because "the kisser held the kissee by the ears as one would hold a pitcher by its two handles." We are not even referred to Lilius Gyraldus, though it is not very likely that young ladies, subject to the higher education (which, being interpreted, is examinations), would be seduced into wasting their time on that curious author. Being, as a rule, over free in citations, Professor Ramsay might have done a little more for us at Tib. i. 1. 51 than give a bare reference to Ramsay's Latin Prosody on the quantity of a short syllable before *smargadus*. With the quality of the notes in the Tibullus and Propertius extracts we have no fault to find; but they are too numerous. Some of the explanations go without saying. To be concise Professor Ramsay refuses on principle:—"If only a minimum of information be provided, only a fraction of that minimum will be retained." This is a maxim not to be denied by practical teachers; but surely the amplification should be done orally? Good liquor should be sold neat and watered according to circumstances. But Professor Ramsay is not, in fact, so diffuse as he seems to intend to be. His note at Prop. iii. 11. 24, upon "ut-ne" is admirable in its clearness and method, and so are many others. As to his treatment of doubtful and disputed passages we can do no more than state a few of his conclusions. At Tib. i. 1. 25 he writes "jam modo jam possim" (here following *Excerpta Prisingensis*); at i. 3. 71 he rejects Professor Palmer's "per centum

* *Selections from Tibullus and Propertius*. With Introduction and Notes. By George Gilbert Ramsay, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Latin in the University of Glasgow. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1887.

Thirteen Satires of Juvenal. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. H. Pearson, M.A., Minister of Education in the Colony of Victoria and sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and Herbert A. Strong, Professor of Latin in Liverpool University College, Victoria University. In Two Parts. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1887.

The Metamorphoses of Ovid. Books XIII. and XIV. Edited, with Introduction, Analysis, and Notes, by Charles Simmons, M.A., Classical Master in University College School, London. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

The Histories of Tacitus. Books I. and II. With Introduction and Notes. By A. D. Godley, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

Liwy. Books V., VI., and VII. With Introduction and Notes, by A. R. Cluer. Second edition. Revised by P. E. Matheson, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1887.

Notes on Thucydides. Book I. Compiled and Original. By R. Geare, M.A., Assistant Master in King's College School. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1887.

Cæsar de Bello Gallico. After the German of Kraner-Dittenberger. By Rev. John Bond, M.A., Chaplain at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and A. S. Walpole, Assistant Master in Rossall School. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

Cæsar de Bello Gallico. Book V. By C. Colbeck, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Assistant Master in Harrow School. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

Cæsar de Bello Gallico. Books II. and V. With Notes and Vocabulary. (Rivington's Latin Texts.)

The Eton Horace. Notes to the Odes. Book I. By F. W. Cornish, M.A., Assistant Master at Eton College. And Text of the Odes, Carmen Seculare, and Epodes. London: Murray. 1887.

Cicero De Senectute. Edited, with Notes, by Leonard Huxley, B.A., Assistant Master at Charterhouse School. In Two Parts. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1887.

Selections from Cornelius Nepos. Edited for the use of Beginners, with Introduction, Notes, Exercises, and Vocabulary, by G. S. Farnell, M.A., Assistant Master at St. Paul's School. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

A New Easy Latin Primer. By Rev. Edmund Fowle, of Amesbury House School. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Le Bas, & Lowrey.

The Candidate's Latin Grammar. By S. Percy Reed, B.A., B.L., Army Tutor. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

Cerberus ora"; at i. 7. 49 he rejects the MS. readings and other conjectures, writing on his own account "Genium ludo centumque choreis"; at ii. 5. 19-22 he mentions but refuses to discuss Bähr's theory of spuriousness; and at ii. 6. 23-24 he gives the same treatment to Heyne and Fischer. In the Propertius extracts, at i. 8. 19, he adopts *utere* for *ut te*; at ii. 12. 6 ("Fecit et humano corde volare deum") he merely mentions the conjectures of Heinsius, Burmann, and Bähr, but discusses at length the various interpretations offered for the text; at ii. 28. 9 he rejects *perceque*, approved by Professor Palmer instead of *paremque*; and at 43 of the same poem retains *carmine*, which it was proposed to replace by *crimine*; at iii. 7. 22 he writes "Qua natat Argynnus pœna minantis aque," and argues with great fullness against the alternative emendations proposed by Mr. Ellis, "Qua notat Argynni pœna, Mimantis aque," and "Qua notat Argynni pœna Mimantis aquas." Professor Ramsay shall be forgiven for the only grave fault of his *Selections* when he removes it by issuing a complete edition of either poet or both of them. He is too good a scholar to fritter himself away on producing pot-boilers, even when the result is so remarkably happy as his *Selections from Tibullus and Propertius*.

We cannot make the same remark in the case of Messrs. Pearson and Strong's *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal*. The editors are not by any means too good for hack-work; but, on the other hand, they are not conspicuously incompetent. Writing for boys and girls, they are justified in omitting the coarser passages. But they are not justified, and deserve to be execrated for their impudence in doctoring Juvenal's lines, as in Sat. xii., where they omit the sagacious beaver's act of jettison, and write the passage thus:—

cum plenus fluctu medius foret alveus et jam
alternum puppis latus evertentibus undis
arbori incertæ nullam prudentia cani
rectoris conferret opem, decidere jactu
cepit cum ventis cupiens evadere damno.

No doubt Messrs. Pearson and Strong think that this was a very clever thing to do. But even they must see at Sat. i. 36-45 that they have made nonsense out of a powerful passage by omitting lines 37-41 and retaining 42-44. Where the knife has to be used, let it be boldly and honestly used. The notes are clear and generally sufficient, but in a certain number of places they are harmlessly, because obviously, wrong. This is partly due to an absurd desire to follow Weidner—e.g. at viii. 58. The English is sometimes funny. At iii. 34 we read ("Quondam hi cornicines, &c."), "these men once wound a horn." With the idea of being idiomatic the joint commentators are apt to pick up any phrase that sounds well; and at vii. 101 they use "grows into money" as if it meant "costs much money." To judge by results, Messrs. Pearson and Strong did not read Bücheler's work, or Mayor's Fourth Edition, both of which appeared in 1886 and contained certain innovations in the text which are now recognized as established institutions. The first "Part" contains a long Life of Juvenal and a short essay on the "Social Condition of Rome under the Early Empire," both of them readable and edifying. The sincerity of the literary criticism may be exemplified by the treatment of the famous passage at viii. 215-226, comparing the iniquity of Orestes and Nero:—

quippe ille [Orestes] deis auctoribus ultor
patris erat cæsi media inter pocula, sed nec
Electræ jugulo se polluit aut Spartani
sanguine conjugii; nullis aconita propinquis
miscuit, in scena nunquam cantavit Orestes,
Troica non scripsit.

Once this is quoted to illustrate Juvenal's scale of moral crime, "which places in a deliberate, though no doubt overwrought, invective, the writing of bad poems and acting on the public stage above incest and murder." A few pages later the same passage is quoted as one in which Juvenal "meant to startle the imagination by the violence of his comparison." Neither criticism is worth much, but any merit which lies in either is destructive of the other. The best thing in the book is a table of parallel passages in Juvenal and Martial. This is derived from a lecture recently delivered at Oxford by Professor Nettleship. Except for a few careless mistakes, there is no serious fault to be found in this superfluous edition of Juvenal. It remains superfluous, though there was room for a really good class-book of the kind.

A careful and meritorious edition of Books XIII. and XIV. of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, by Mr. Charles Simmons, is designed chiefly for the use of schools, but with all the virtues of thoroughness it combines the incidental fault of being indisputably dry. Much of the textual criticism has been inspired, and some of it directly contributed, by Mr. Robinson Ellis. He suggests a noteworthy emendation of xiv. 612-613 ("clarus subit Alba Latinum, Epytus ex illo est"), which is, as he claims, quite in Ovid's manner—"Clarius subit, hicque Latino, Epytus ex illo est"—"Clarius succeeds, and he is the son of Latinus, as Epytus is the son of Clarius." One of the best points, and one which is most essential in an edition of the *Metamorphoses*, is the labour which has been lavished on questions of mythology. Mr. Simmons is an appreciative but critical student of Ovid's style, and quotes with approval the epigram of Quintilian, "non ignoravit vitia sua sed amavit." He says about the tales of Phaëthon and the Heliades, "Every passion of the human mind, every scene of human life, is described in turn. The stories are crowded with detail, often fanciful, sometimes playful, but always vivid and picturesque." Mr. Simmons, being a practical teacher, does not

take the bread out of his fellows' mouths by the multiplication of superfluous notes. Indeed, he is sometimes silent where help might be legitimately expected, as at xiii. 16 ("demit honorem Æneulus"), where he contents himself with quoting a nearly parallel idea from Pacuvius, "An quis est qui te esse dignum quicum certetur putet?" The notes on grammar and syntax leave nothing to be desired in clearness and correctness, and they contain plentiful references to authorities like Roby, Madvig, and Kennedy. The text is that of Haupt, as revised by O. Korn (1881), and all the important variants are recorded at the foot of each page. We should have liked to discuss this edition at greater length, and to have said something about the treatment of such difficult passages as xiv. 215-216, where Mr. Simmons timidly retains the impossible reading, "mortemque timens cupidusque moriri Glande famem pellens"; while he hints a preference for the Bodl. MSS. Can. vii. ("cupidusque mori mortisque timore"), and records a more tempting conjecture, "mortemque timens mortisque timore." In conclusion, we may say that this would be a good book in the hands of a good teacher.

Mr. Godley's edition of the first two books of the *Histories* of Tacitus is businesslike and scholarly. After a short, but sufficient, historical introduction, he goes straight to work at his author, having confidence in the power of Tacitus to tell his own tale. The explanations of technical and archæological terms like *procuratores*, *diploma*, and *sector* are severely short, but they give all the required information; the same may be said of the historical notes. Mr. Godley calls attention, as they occur, to any traces of Greek influence or any peculiarities of the Silver Latin; and he does not seem to have overlooked or passed over any important points of syntax. We do not agree with him (at I. xv. 5) in his explanation of *si*, &c., *adoptarem*, &c., *egregium erat*; but it is sound sense, and will be generally approved:—"The apodosis is in the indicative, being by itself true without reference to the protasis." Nor do we like his conclusion at I. vi. 8:—"Inauditi atque indefensi tanquam innocentes perierant." His view is that Cingonius Varro and Petronius Turpilianus were so confident in their own innocence that they did not attempt a defence (*tanquam innocentes* being closely connected with the preceding words). But Mr. Godley states his case so candidly that he supplies himself the material for his own refutation. He is, no doubt, right in saying that Orelli suggests too pessimistic an interpretation:—"Were executed because they were innocent." At I. iii. 8 he mentions, but does not adopt, the conjecture of Heräus, *ipsæ necesse* for "ipsa necessitas"; at I. xxii. 4 he retains "adulteria matrimonia"; at I. xxvii. 20 he rejects *clamore et gladiis* of the best MSS. for "clamore et gaudiis" (*gaudiis* being, he says, equivalent to *gaudio*); at I. xxxii. 16 he adopts *regressum*, "plausibly conjectured," in place of the "tautological" *regressus*; at I. lxxxix. 1 he favours, but does not adopt, the insertion of *imperii*, which was suggested by Heräus; at II. xix. 1 he inserts (with italics) the *non jam* conjectured by Meiser; and at II. lxviii. 1 he inserts *has* (with italics) in "Et has quidem partes," and notices Haase's suggestion of *victas*. This will be enough to recommend Mr. Godley's editorial judgment to those who know their Tacitus; those who do not may do worse than learn from Mr. Godley. It is to be hoped that he intends to edit the remaining books of the *Histories*.

Mr. Cluer's edition of Livy, Books V., VI., and VII., has been revised in the second edition by Mr. P. E. Matheson. It begins with a brief historical summary. An excursus deals with the language and style of Livy, under such headings as Irony, Pathos, Alliteration, and Metaphor (according to its eleven duly enumerated sources). All this is very nauseous, but it is useful. The book is admirably adapted for the purposes of an examination. It will go into the side pocket of a reading party coat; and no other book will be wanted except the Crib. Every difficulty of construction and interpretation is faced and floored. The notes are clear, sensible, and correct; and some of them are scholarly. Derivations are given of words like *provincia* (*providentia* or *pro-vincere*), *flamen* (*flagro*), *pomœrium* (*post-murus*, after Varro), and *bucina* (*boscano*); terms like *Dominium*, *Unciarium Fenus*, *Paterfamilias*, and *Intercessio* are carefully explained; but in the last case the student's mind is very properly not confused by any technical signification being offered except the one required for the passage in hand.

Mr. Geare's Notes on the First Book of Thucydides are modestly entitled "compiled and original," and are intended for the "upper middle forms" in public schools. Mr. Geare has one merit which is not by any means common. He can keep his head throughout an intricate Greek sentence, and translate it into nearly literal and at the same time intelligible English; but, like a good many other people, does not understand the art of punctuation. He does not generally trouble himself or the "upper middle forms" with textual difficulties, but has adapted his notes (as e.g. at ch. cxx. 8) to the Oxford text, as likely to be in the hands of most school-boys. He has a good eye for grammar, and never shirks a difficulty or slurs it over. His notes do not, so far as we know, give any new lights, but they do not obscure the old, and that is not slight praise for any one dealing with the innumerable difficulties which occur in the opening chapters of Thucydides. Mr. Geare's calibre as a scholar may be judged by his treatment of *περίορι τῶ βέπει* in ch. xxx. He adopts Reiske's conjecture for *περίορι* without discussion of authorities, and translates it "When summer was completing its circle"—i.e. towards the close of summer. He disposes of *περίορι*, because, if the meaning was "summer still remaining," a "genitive absolute of time" would

be required, and because, if the meaning was "for the rest of the summer," *περίωτον* would require a *τῷ*. And, again, *περίωτον* cannot mean "when summer was coming round," because there is "no reason to suppose that there had been a winter since the sea-fight previous to the *χειμῶνος ἔθης*." All this may not be profound or absolutely convincing, but we cannot afford to sneeze at sound sense.

The seven books of *Cæsar's* Commentaries *De Bello Gallico* have been edited by Mr. John Bond and Mr. A. S. Walpole for Macmillan's Classical Series in an elaborate and fairly exhaustive volume, based on, and for the most paraphrased from, Kraner's edition as revised by Dittenberger. If space permitted a longer notice we should be glad, for the purposes of review, to treat Messrs. Bond and Walpole's joint edition as an original work—since the German of Kraner-Dittenberger is not commonly used or widely known in England. Of the 80 pages of introduction, 45 are devoted to a minute and learnable, but far from readable, account of the Roman military organization. A critical appendix, geographical and grammatical indices, a good map of Gaul, and several military plans and illustrations, account for about 40 pages; and there are about 160 pages of notes to deal with 224 of the text. This cannot be called an excessive amount of commentary in what aims at being a substantive edition. No unnecessary translations and few superfluous remarks are to be found in them. The relation of clauses one to another and matters of style are explained or noted, and military questions are carefully discussed. The student who is reading his *Cæsar* in earnest will find this a most valuable edition, but it is tough reading. In the grammatical notes there is a tendency to account for occasional anomalies by laying down positive canons, as at i. 3, §§ 4 and 5. "As a rule the pres. subj. follows the historic present. But when (1) the subordinate clause precedes the principal, (2) between the chief and subordinate clauses another clause with an impf. or plpf. is inserted—the impf. takes its place; in this case, a second clause often goes on with the present, v. 48. 4; vii. 86. 2." Here and there we come upon worthless notes, as *e.g.* on *arbitros* in V. i. 9. The *Arbitri* are here said to "base their decisions not on statute law, but on grounds of equity (*æquum et bonum*) and subjective proof (*judicium ex bona fide*). What can this mean? It is equally unintelligible whether you know much Roman law or none at all. But there are not many such faults in the commentary. But there are too many misprints or gross mistakes (as *e.g.* on pp. 243, 249, 386, and 402). The geographical index is very brief, almost curt. Of the *Anceles* we are simply told "a British tribe, perhaps in Oxfordshire," and of *Bibroci*, "town in S.E. Britain [Broyff]." Under the name *Scaldis* we have more information, and it is suggested that *Cæsar* was confused between the *Scaldis* and the *Sobis*, but in the commentary on vi. 33. no reference is made to the hypothesis raised in the geographical index. A similar fault is to be noticed at vi. 10. 5, where the notes in the commentary and the critical appendix are each incomplete without the other; so again at vii. 58. 6, ii. 15. 4, and more remarkably at iii. 21. 3. In the text we have *araria structuraque*; in the Commentary "*araria structura*," which is translated as "mining works"; and in the critical appendix we read the following statement:—"Codd. *araria structuraque*, and so Holder, &c.; Oudendorp, *araria structura*; Nipperdey conj. *araria ferrariaque*, but this word would scarcely have been corrupted into *structura*. In Schneider's *araria structuraque*, *que* is not wanted. Hoffman, &c. explains *structura* by *lapidina*." When two editors turn out disjointed work like this, they cannot be acquitted of culpable negligence, which is the more regrettable because it detracts from the usefulness of a book too good to be spoiled.

Mr. Colbeck's Fifth Book of *Cæsar De Bello Gallico* is, as he says, an attempt "to make the most for young boys of an interesting portion of *Cæsar*." He provides maps, plans, and illustrations; his notes are short and sound. He discusses the alterations that have taken place in our coast-line since *Cæsar* landed on it, and he says enough to interest boys on *Cæsar's* much-debated statement about the indigenous British trees. "*Materia cujusque generis ut in Gallia est præter fagum atque abietem*." He mentions the view supported by the late Dr. Rolleston, that *præter* must be taken here, as elsewhere, to mean, not "except," but "besides." He tries, without success, to fix the Ford of the Thames mentioned in ch. xviii., and compares the disaster described in ch. xxxvii. to *Isandlana* and *Rorke's Drift*. Mr. Colbeck has produced an unpretentious school-book of the best kind.

The anonymous editor of *Cæsar De Bello Gallico*, Books II. and V., for Rivington's Latin Texts has done his work tolerably well. The notes are simple and the vocabularies complete, but not free from false quantities. The books are small, well printed, and presumably cheap.

The *Eton Horace* contains the text (with some necessary omissions) of the *Odes*, *Carmen Seculare*, and *Epodes*. The paper is good and the binding stiff. The notes to Book I. of the *Odes*, by Mr. F. W. Cornish, are printed in a separate volume, avowedly to prevent boys looking at the notes in class-time. Most of the notes (adapted for middle and lower forms) are admitted to be derived from Orelli and Hirschfelder. Only a few faults can be detected; at i. 17. 19, "sick with love for one man" is neither translation nor explanation of "*laborantis in uno*"; and at i. 31. 1, "*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem Vates?*" even if it is correct, it is not enough, to say "the god is said to be dedicated to whom a temple is dedicated." Few translations are

given, but many simple notes, most of them good of their kind. Anybody could write them.

It is not everybody who could write Mr. Huxley's notes to *Cicero De Senectute*. He travels out of the beaten track to discover mares'-nests on his own account. "Ut in gratium cum voluptate redeamus" at ch. xvi. § 56 is thus translated—"So that we are restored at last to favour with pleasure to ourselves." Mr. Huxley does not explain for whom he is writing; but he thinks it necessary to translate *at vero* and *quin etiam*. There is a good Index of Persons, and *Cicero's* life is narrated in three and a half pages. The grammatical notes are slovenly, but well meant.

Mr. Farnell's *Selections from Cornelius Nepos*, intended to illustrate Greek and Roman history, might have been recommended if he had possessed or borrowed enough scholarship to carry out his own design. The short historical paragraphs which serve to bridge over the intervals between the selected parts of the different biographies are not badly executed. The Latin exercises are well constructed. The grammatical notes are not conspicuously deficient, although they are not carefully written. Thus on p. 59 we are told that "*dicto audiens sum*" may be used with "a dative of the person," and on p. 61 we find the phrase "*Dicto audiens fuit jussis*," with a reference back to the previous note. But, if the book were in the above respects far better than it is, it would deserve to be excluded from school use. To justify this decision, we will quote the marks of quantity which Mr. Farnell has ventured to put on the following words in his vocabulary:—*Conducticius, dūcenti, hēreditas, luxūria, pōtior, prōhibeo, ratio, and religio. Misprints! Credat Jūdæus!*

Mr. Fowle justifies his *New Easy Latin Primer* as "an attempt to supply a want that is still universally felt." Part I. is *Accidence*, Part II. is *Syntax*, Part III. is *Irregular Verbs*, and Part IV. is *Difficilia*, and (as with the *Young Lady's Journal*) you can buy each part separately or all four together. The irregular verbs are first arranged systematically according to their peculiarities, and, secondly, disarranged alphabetically, and we are inclined to believe the latter to be the better help to memory. So, too, with the substantives which are irregular in their genders. Mr. Fowle's statement of the main rules of syntax is generally clear, but not always exhaustive; what he says about the ablative absolute is right as far as it goes, but he leaves much untold. The Roman methods of reckoning money and days of the month are correctly explained.

The *Candidate's Latin Grammar*, by Mr. Percy Reed, is a signal proof that examinations are no longer made for books, but books for examinations. "No pretensions are made to systematic arrangement or completeness." The book aims at keeping within the questions asked at army entrance and other examinations during the last fifteen years. It is simply a collection of "straight tips," and it cannot be denied that it makes much easier reading than an ordinary Latin grammar, and is more likely to leave a few burs clinging to the candidates' memory. It is not accurate; but the mistakes are not important for the humble purpose which Mr. Reed has in view.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

"GOETHE and no end!" was the recent exclamation of a philosopher, appalled at the endless succession of biographies, essays, and correspondence relating to the bard of Weimar. "Ranke and no end!" might well be echoed, as volume after volume is added to the literary remains of the most venerable and indefatigable of historians (1). It does appear, however, that the end is nearly in sight, and will be attained when a fiftieth and final volume shall have succeeded the forty-ninth now before us. Even here the stream runs feebly in comparison, the volume being made up partly of articles contributed to an historical review between 1832 and 1836, partly of confidential memoirs addressed to Frederick William IV.; while the most important part does not proceed from Ranke's own pen, being a republication of his edition of Frederick William's correspondence with Bunsen. These letters, relating to the Jerusalem Bishopric, the Austro-Prussian dispute of 1850, the Crimean War, and other interesting episodes of history, are curious illustrations of the accomplished but unstable monarch's irresolution, excitability, and unlimited powers of self-deception. One of the most remarkable passages is an outburst of grief on occasion of the death of the Czar Nicholas. Ranke's contributions to *Perthes's* historical review are full of political sagacity, but deplorably wanting in style. The most remarkable is an elaborate history of the French Chamber of 1815, convoked after the second restoration of the Bourbons. It dwells forcibly on the savage intolerance of French political parties, one of the main obstacles to constitutional government in France. The State Papers drawn up by Ranke for Frederick William IV. are now chiefly interesting as evidencing how much the exclusion of Austria from Germany was even then a favourite idea of Prussian statesmen.

A small publication, but very full of matter, describes the recent development and present condition of the Socialistic and Anarchical

(1) *Zur Geschichte Deutschlands und Frankreichs im neunzehnten Jahrhundert*. Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Natt.

parties in Europe and the United States (2). The increase of these elements of disturbance is a fact not to be denied; but, on a full review of all the circumstances, there seems no reason to consider that it has as yet attained alarming proportions in any country. Among the worst symptoms may be named the frequent disposition of political parties, especially in the United States, to coquet with these public enemies; among the more encouraging the animosity of the Socialist leaders to the better class of working-men, which is certain to be repaid in kind. It is also not unsatisfactory to remark that English agitators look decidedly bigger and more formidable in Germany than they do at home.

The disputes between the Poles and the Ruthenians (3) in Galicia are among the minor troubles of the Austrian Empire, which might become very serious if Russia appeared in arms as the deliverer of the smaller, and in its own opinion grievously-oppressed, nationality. M. Kupeczanko sets forth the historical and actual wrongs of his countrymen with a fervour which shows at any rate how difficult the question is of settlement, and how unenviable is the position of an Austrian statesman.

Garlieb Merkel (4) is an unpopular personage in German literature as a resolute detractor of its two greatest names. Perverse as such malcontents may be, they have their uses, and Merkel has rendered to the objects of his antipathy the negative service of showing that there is really very little to be said against them. An acute and honest critic, he cannot refuse his admiration, even while he carps and sneers; and the ground of his animosity seems to have been his intimate connexion with Herder, whom he justly thought slighted and underrated, but whom he need not have avenged by an equally unjust depreciation of others. His hostility to Goethe naturally led to his being confounded with the numerous little dogs whose barking, as Goethe said, merely proved that he himself was riding; and it has been reserved for a Livonian countryman, Julius Eckardt, to remind Germans of their obligation to a firm and spirited patriot, whose vigorous resistance to Napoleon contrasts very favourably with the serene indifference of Goethe. The book is made up from the most interesting portions of two autobiographical works of Merkel's own, and Herr Eckardt's judicious discrimination is fully established by the satisfactory result of his labours. The little book is most interesting and lively throughout, and besides its special claim to notice, the sketch of Weimar society from a Herderish point of view, contains portraits of Jean Paul, Fichte, Falk, Gleim, and other persons of mark. One curious episode is Merkel's brief employment at the Danish Court as secretary to the Prime Minister, Count Schimmelmänn, a position previously held by Niebuhr. He soon relinquished the appointment, owing, as he states, to the hostility of the Countess Schimmelmänn, but rather, as we should conjecture, from the incompatibility of his duties with his temperament. He was too independent for Court life, and his judgment does not seem to have been of the soundest. After having conducted a political journal with great success at Berlin, he was driven by the French invasion back to his native Livonia, where he spent the remainder of his long life on his estate.

The most interesting of the particulars respecting Pestalozzi collected by H. Morf (5) relate to an almost forgotten episode of history, the endeavour to introduce his educational system into Spain under the patronage of Charles IV.'s favourite, Manuel Godoy. Godoy, not in general a distinguished figure in history, appears this time in an unwontedly favourable light as an enlightened friend of education, though political troubles and ecclesiastical antagonism compelled him to withdraw his support. Another chapter details the munificent conduct of a friend, named Von Türk, towards Pestalozzi, who seldom had money either for his projects or for himself.

The life of a more successful, though less famous and influential, philanthropist—C. F. Spittler (6), founder of the Basel Mission—is written with considerable detail, by Johannes Kober. Spittler is a far less interesting person than Pestalozzi. Either he had little individuality of character, or his biographer has not succeeded in bringing it out. He was, however, an excellent man, laborious and devoted to his task, and sufficiently large-minded to maintain friendly relations with neologian divines like De Wette on the one hand, and with Roman Catholic priests of Liberal tendencies on the other. As the founder of an institution which has effected so much for philology and anthropology as the Basel Mission, his work must be considered highly important even in a secular point of view.

The autobiography of the painter of battle-pieces, Albrecht Adam (7), is a highly interesting book, particularly on account of the writer's professional connexion with the army of Napoleon, and his lively account of the Russian campaign, where he nearly lost his life in the burning of Moscow. He was patronized by Eugène Beauharnais, and accompanied him both to Russia and to Italy. He was afterwards a very popular painter in Bavaria,

and the latter pages of his work contain interesting details of the progress of the arts under the patronage of King Ludwig.

The general intellectual and moral outcome of Goethe's long life is pretty well known, and Dr. Harnack (8) has no new facts to bring to light, and no new theories to propound respecting it. It is, nevertheless, not an idle undertaking to bring the most remarkable testimonies to Goethe's matured opinions into a manageable compass, and accompany them with a sympathetic commentary. Dr. Harnack has made an attractive as well as a useful digest. The chief novelty in his exposition is the assertion that in his latter days Goethe inclined to a kind of Socialism, involving the strict control of the individual by the State, not as a polity in itself desirable, but as the least of evils.

Mr. Parkinson (9) went to New Britain from Sydney in 1882, and appears to have found encouragement to induce him to remain as a planter. His account of the new German possession as a whole, however, is hardly to be called encouraging; the soil is in many places wonderfully fertile, but cannot be cultivated by Europeans, and the foreign planter may easily find more promising spots for the employment of his capital. New Britain, however, is better than the north coast of New Guinea, which Mr. Parkinson regards as nearly valueless. The natives are not a very interesting race, but are not, as a rule, treacherous or ferocious; and the incidents which have given them a bad name are generally to be traced to their ill-usage at the hands of Europeans. The whole system of hired labour is strongly condemned by Mr. Parkinson. The labourers, he says, return to their homes thoroughly demoralized by contact with the whites, and prove a curse to their countrymen, whose progress in civilization and Christianity is at best exceedingly slow. They are exceedingly superstitious, have an abject fear of poison, practise cannibalism freely, and are kept in a perpetual state of insecurity by intestine feuds. Their favourite weapon is the sling, in the use of which they are exceedingly expert. Mr. Parkinson's knowledge of the island, it should be remarked, is confined to its northern extremity, the Gazelle Peninsula. He made an expedition in quest of a lake containing a large island, laid down on some maps as the discovery of a recent traveller, which proved to be a myth.

Herr Bergner's account of Roumania (10) is both agreeable and instructive, uniting the pleasantness of a good book of travels to the solidity of a statistical survey. The writer has travelled over the country, and is equally at home in describing the splendid forests of the Transylvanian frontier, the fertile levels along the Danube, and the uninviting steppes that line the Black Sea. His testimony to the progress of the country is in the main satisfactory. The chief obstacles to its development lie in the special traits of the national character—the obstinate conservatism of the peasantry, indisposing them to adopt improvements from abroad; the general levity and heedlessness, which allow important sources of national wealth to be wasted, while others are left untouched; the extravagance of the upper classes; and the general scramble among the educated for posts under Government. The main point, however, has been gained; the Roumanians feel themselves a nation, are proud of their independence and their recent exploits, and have sufficient political intelligence to cherish monarchy as the form of government best suited to them, and to understand that their sole enemy and ill-wisher is Russia.

The first volume of Gregorovius's (11) minor writings inspires a wish for the second. They discuss questions of history and archaeology in the same light and pleasant, but at the same time thoroughly scholarly, fashion to which the author has so well accustomed us. The most interesting to general readers is perhaps the sketch of Sardis; the most curious is the account of the coins of the Senator Alberich, who in the tenth century made the insignificant Popes of that period his vassals in temporal matters, and demonstrated the fact by placing his name on the currency, with the motto *fieri jussit*. An essay on grants of Roman citizenship during the Renaissance period, and an analysis of Gumpenberg's account of the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon, are also welcome contributions to the post-Imperial history of the Eternal City. The "Mirabilia of Athens," starting from the misdescription of the choregic monument of Lysicrates as the "Lantern of Demosthenes," treats very agreeably of the singular perversions of local tradition among the Byzantine Greeks. In another essay Alaric is defended from the charge of having persecuted the remnant of the old Hellenic religion, or destroyed its monuments.

The late Wilhelm Scherer (12), the historian of German literature, enjoyed the reputation of being an especially profound connoisseur of Goethe, and his essays undoubtedly have a certain intellectual distinction which raises them above the crowd. Some of the most important have been collected into a volume by Erich Schmidt, the chief living official authority on Goethe, in virtue of his connexion with the Weimar archives. A section of these relate to Goethe in episodic characters, such as advocate, journalist, and the intimate of Jacobi's circle, which acquaintance

(2) *Sozialismus und Anarchismus in Europa und Nordamerika während der Jahre 1883 bis 1886*. Berlin: Nütt.

(3) *Die Schicksale der Ruthenen*. Von Gregor Kupeczanko. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nütt.

(4) *Garlieb Merkel über Deutschland zur Schiller-Goethe-Zeit*. Von Julius Eckardt. Berlin: Paetel. London: Nütt.

(5) *Einige Blätter aus Pestalozzi's Lebens- und Leidensgeschichte*. Von H. Morf. Langensalza: Beyer. London: Nütt.

(6) *C. F. Spittler's Leben*. Von Johannes Kober. Basel: Spittler; London: Nütt.

(7) *Albrecht Adam: aus dem Leben eines Schlachtenmalers*. Herausgegeben von Dr. H. Holland. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nütt.

(8) *Goethe in der Epoche seiner Vollendung (1805-1832)*. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Nütt.

(9) *Im Bismarck-Archipel: Erlebnisse und Beobachtungen auf der Insel Neu-Pommern (New-Britannien)*. Von R. Parkinson. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nütt.

(10) *Rumänien: eine Darstellung des Landes und der Leute*. Von Rudolf Bergner. Breslau: Kern. London: Nütt.

(11) *Kleine Schriften zur Geschichte und Cultur*. Von Ferdinand Gregorovius. Bd. I. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nütt.

(12) *Aufsätze über Goethe*. Von Wilhelm Scherer. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nütt.

seems to have given him the idea of his "Stella." On the same principle another section of the essays is devoted to the examination of some of Goethe's less known writings, especially the drafts of his projected *Nausicaa* and *Iphigenia in Delphi*. In both cases Goethe seems to have taken up enthusiastically with an idea which, on maturer consideration, he found insufficient for a five-act tragedy. *Nausicaa*, as he conceived it, might have made a powerful drama for the closet, but no audience would have tolerated the tragic catastrophe of the innocent princess while Ulysses, an Æneas without Æneas's excuse, escaped with impunity. The plot of *Iphigenia in Delphi*, on the other hand, would be too meagre and devoid of tragic interest, unless Goethe had taken it upon himself to alter the original legend. Another of Herr Scherer's essays treats of *Pandora*, that remarkable production of Goethe's age, whose treasures of poetry lose much of their effect from excessive symbolism and lack of human interest.

"What is This to Be?" (13) is a social romance in which Spielhagen has set himself to agitate, rather than investigate, some of the deep problems that torment modern society. As a work of art the book is injured by its excessive length, which in this point of view is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as the leading idea, the return of the natural son of a petty German prince to his father's court, where the secret of his birth is known to every one but himself, is one highly susceptible of effective treatment. Although, however, the crowd of subordinate characters and incidents impair the artistic unity of the book, they are in themselves interesting and ably touched, and the scale of the work is, at any rate, in harmony with the importance of the theme.

Der Roman der Stiftsdame (14), by Paul Heyse, is a story on a larger scale than usual with him, but in spirit much more nearly akin to his novelettes than to his romances. It has all his usual elegance of style and general finish of treatment; the characters are, for the most part, very happily drawn, and inspire considerable interest. The tale, however, is one of depressing sadness, and the nature of the incidents, and the key in which it is pitched throughout, are more likely to recommend it to a feminine than to a masculine public.

"From the Eternal City" (15), a little collection of novelettes by Hans Grasberger, is so pretty a book in print, paper, and general appearance, that it is almost mortifying to find it unequal to its exterior. It possesses the merit of local colouring and insight into Italian manners and ways of thinking. Its defects are diffuseness and a general inferiority of matter to manner, which latter is always good. Some of the situations might have been powerful in more vigorous hands; but the excitement evaporates in words, and the complacency with which the author sits down to spin out long descriptions of ordinary things is often positively irritating.

The September number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* (16) has one remarkable contribution, a necrological notice of Heine by Heinrich Laube, written for the *Allgemeine Zeitung* in 1846, upon a false report of the death of the poet. Heine cannot have been dissatisfied with it if he ever saw it, unless perhaps with the conclusion, in which Laube announces his intention of writing his life. There are also several novelettes of various degrees of merit; the conclusion of Fanny Lewald's reminiscences of Liszt, mostly pleasing, though not very important; and a sound useful paper by Lady Blennerhassett on the reign of Queen Victoria, based on the essays edited by Mr. T. H. Ward, and dealing principally with the characteristics of English literature and the growth of our Indian Empire. The October number of the *Rundschau* has the first part of a powerful historical tale by C. F. Meyer, on the conspiracy, real or imputed, of the Marquis Pescara against the Emperor Charles V. Herman Grimm reviews the Goethe-Carlyle correspondence very favourably; and L. Friedländer, writing on Greek mythology, refers to the late W. Mannhardt as the highest authority on the subject of its unquestionable relation to the folklore of other countries. Stein's efforts for German independence while a refugee in Austria form the subject of another article; and Professor Fischer, who has lately travelled in Tunis with a scientific object, describes the present condition of affairs there. The French, he thinks, have avoided most of the mistakes committed in Algeria, and are successfully developing the resources of the country as merchants and employers of agricultural labour, but not as colonists. Out of 27,000 European residents, only 4,500 are French.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE publishing season begins in France, as in England, in the autumn, but a little later; and we have hardly yet much before us that is strictly "letters." *Les lettres et les arts*, however (Paris: Boussod, Valadon, et Cie.), puts a good foot foremost for the winter. M. Halévy gives some notes on the Commune which are, as might be expected, vivid and interesting, but

which give the impression that pure description is not so much the forte of the creator of the Cardinals as character- and manner-drawing. It is a little unphilosophical, surely, of M. Halévy to long to see London in flames because one Englishman obligingly told him, or rather some one else, which was "the best place to see Paris burn," and because, when he availed himself (which he did) of the information, he found another Englishman with a camp-stool and opera-glasses. Besides, we own that we should like to cross-examine M. Halévy. With any French comic dramatist it would be such an article of faith that an Englishman with camp-stool and opera-glasses would be there that we should like strong evidence that this particular Briton was not subjective merely. M. Jules Girardet's illustrations to this are *de fantaisie*, but of great merit. M. Henri Bouchot tells the old story of the Jarnac and La Chataigneraie duel, perhaps chiefly to introduce the frontispiece—an exquisite reproduction in tints of the Clouet portrait of Jarnac. The vanquished appears in black and white only. There is a curious fragment of an allegorical romantic kind of drama, or sketch for one, by M. Mounet-Sully, entitled "La veuve de larmes," and illustrated by two nudités of M. Gustave Poquelin's—pretty enough nudités in their way, but not possessing, as far as we can see, much connexion with their subject. M. Louis Morin's last-century Venetian illustrations to M. Vandal's "Roman d'un ambassadeur" are very curious and clever, and all the "cuts" of the remaining articles are good.

We have so often described the characteristics of the numerous almanachs (all issued at the Dépôt Central des Almanachs, which for practical purposes is identical with MM. Plon & Nourrit) that it is hardly necessary to do it again at any great length. The *Almanach album des célébrités* is as usual a cheap way of procuring (if anybody wants to procure them) portraits of most of the Frenchmen and a few of the foreigners who have died or otherwise distinguished themselves. General Boulanger, M. Pasteur, M. Caro, and some others may thus be obtained by those who make screens of such things—a practice which, to imitate the wisdom of Mr. Foker, we don't say we do commend and we don't say we don't. The *Litgeois* (a little thinner, but better printed) and the single, double, and triple *Mathieu de la Drôme* combine a good deal of real almanach information with stock articles. The *Mère Gigogne*, the *Almanach des jeunes mères*, the *Almanach de la France et des familles*, the *Almanach scientifique*, the *Almanach national de la France*, are all meant, more or less, for family use. The *Bon catholique* and the *Sacré cœur* explain themselves, as do the *Parfait vigneron*, the *Manuel de cuisine*, and the *Savoir vivre*. The *Almanach du cocher*, which is the newest, being in its second year only, is partly professional and partly general.

As a rule, however, English attention to French almanachs is very mainly, if not wholly, confined to the "funny ones," from the *Almanach du Charivari* and the *Almanach Grévin* down through the *Prophétique*, the *Astralogique*, the *Parisien*, the *Four rire*, and probably some that we have missed. The staple of them is well known, and, if the truth be told, just a little monotonous. The young person with no clothes on, or with clothes so arranged as to produce an effect of having none, with an exceedingly pronounced belief in the principle that the curve, whether *à priori* or *à posteriori*, is the line of beauty, with a decided preference for the raptures of Clicquot over the roses of Nanterre—this young person occupies the pencils of MM. Grévin, Henriot, Draner, Mars, and the rest, with a persistence which gives a new meaning to the famous couplet concluding *Faust*. It is a rich and varied subject, no doubt, but they certainly do work it rather hard. For the rest, miscellaneous jokes, not much better perhaps, but certainly not often worse, than those of our own comic papers, save that French cheap wit still condescends to a sheer nastiness—we are not now talking from the moral point of view at all—which has long been banished from all English writing of any pretence to respectability. M. Grévin still has a considerable command of line, though he is very much given to play tricks with it; and perhaps the most really comic draughtsman of the present year is M. Draner, though none of them can hold a candle to M. Caran d'Ache.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FRENCH literature includes no class of work more tempting to makers of books and translators than the chronicles of memoir-writers who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Vincent Carloix's *Mémoires de Vieilleville* forms the basis of an historical study by M. Coignet, translated, in two volumes, under the title *A Gentleman of the Olden Time* (Bentley). In this sketch of the life and times of François de Scepeaux, Sire de Vieilleville, the author has drawn on other authorities than the Vieilleville memoirs, such as the chronicles of Castelnau and Brantôme, the *Mémoires de Condé*, and Martin du Bellay. He claims to have reconstructed the past with scrupulous exactitude, and has certainly condensed his profuse and often contradictory material with a good deal of skill, though it is curious to find a writer so patient and untiring in research express some doubt as to the previous publication of certain letters from Henri II. to Montmorency. This is a matter of no great moment, though interesting as a proof of the vast amount of historical research now in progress.

A *Novelist's Note-Book*, by David Christie Murray (Ward &

(13) *Was will das werden?* Roman. Von F. Spielhagen. 3 Bde. Leipzig: Staackmann. London: Nutt.

(14) *Der Roman der Stiftsdame: eine Lebensgeschichte*. Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Hertz. London: Nutt.

(15) *Aus der Ewiges Stadt*. Novellen. Von Hans Grasberger. Leipzig: Liebeskind. London: Nutt.

(16) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Jahrg. 13. Hft. 12-13. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

Downey) is made up of a series of papers on the agricultural labourer and a number of character sketches drawn chiefly from the London streets. Though not one of those engaging and confidential revelations of the secrets of the novelist's workshop, such as certain distinguished writers have lately favoured a curious public with, the book reveals with sufficient clearness which of the masters of fiction is most influential in determining Mr. Murray's style and method. A few samples will suffice. Here is a note from "The Hangman":—"He was dressed in black, of a rusty undertaker's man sort of look, and there was to me a dreadful unburied sort of aspect about him." Equally significant is the graphic portrait of "The Process Server":—"The figure on the doorstep responds 'Hillo!' like a sore-throated echo." "He stands sideways to the fire, and mumbles one set of knuckles with his teeth and lips while he toasts the others at the bars. In a minute or two he turns round and reverses the position of his hands, and chews at the one he has recently toasted, and toasts the one he has recently chewed, as though he were cooking and eating himself in laminae." Again, there is no mistaking the inspiration of the description that opens a clever sketch, entitled "Histronics of the Street":—"A wind, keen, cold, hard, persistent, rages Strand-wards, and has me bitterly in the teeth. It waits for me about law-haunted corners like a disembodied bailiff, and arrests me noisily. It moans and sighs as though repentant of a wrong done somewhere—out at sea, perhaps," &c. These reminiscent touches are combined, it is fair to add, with unquestionable evidences of original observation and a decidedly individual skill in delineation.

Mr. E. P. Roe enjoys the reputation of being the most popular story-teller, or perhaps we should say the best-read novelist, in the United States. This, at least, may be gathered from those singular persons who collect statistics of reading and form of them very surprising plebiscites. Mr. Roe's latest—*The Earth Trembled* (Ward, Lock, & Co.)—will, we fear, do a good deal towards imperilling the proud position assigned to him, if a dull and supremely uninteresting story can do anything to impair popular renown. There are some good sketches of negro character in the book, and some effective scenes, as mere description goes, of the terror and panic during the late earthquakes in Charleston; but beyond this there is nothing particularly moving in *The Earth Trembled*.

The Jacksons of Jackgate, by Elms (Remington & Co.), is a Cumberland story, with the local colour skilfully not lavishly applied, interesting from start to finish, and prettily told. To deal successfully with two heroines is something of a feat, and one of them, Jean Sandford, is truly "a bonnie and verra lish young lass," though she does not turn out to be quite so superior to the less brilliant Eva Jackson as we are led to expect.

Mr. Edward T. Rapson's "Le Bas" prize essay for 1886, *The Struggle between England and France for Supremacy in India* (Trübner & Co.), is a sound and careful piece of work, dealing conscientiously with both French and English material, and showing a critical apprehension of the relative values of the various leading authorities.

Fresh Woods and Pastures New (Sampson Low & Co.) is the pleasant title of a pleasant little book, which sets forth in a series of bright and picturesque letters the joys of the amateur angler on the Lugg and the Teme, the pleasures of a suburban garden, with notes on sport and natural history collected during a holiday sojourn at a farmhouse. So far from being the man of business the author describes himself, much in populous city pent, the vivacity and keenness of his observation of nature and the myriad delights of a country life suggest a most unJohnsonian acquaintance with Fleet Street. His "Evening with the Hornets" is not merely delightful reading, as are the rest of the papers, but a real acquisition to lovers of natural history.

To those who love an exciting story we commend Mr. Barnes of *New York* (Routledge). There is, if anything, too much incident in Mr. Gunter's thrilling novelette. The duel in the opening of the story is capital, and the climax of a very moving story forms the final phase in a vendetta which has a curious origin and an unconventional finish.

Shakespeare for sixpence is a reprint that deserves record, and Messrs. Ward & Lock's *Sixpenny Shakespeare*, accurately printed from the text of Steeven and Malone, is a curiosity of cheap literature. It comprises 800 pp. of very small but clear type, with a glossary. The *Sonnets* and the *Passionate Pilgrim* are omitted.

Having Chaucer for children, it was perhaps inevitable that we should have Dante interpreted for children in a little book, with plates after Gustave Doré, entitled *How Dante Climbed the Mountain*, by Rose E. Selfe (Cassell & Co.) This little book deals with the principal episodes in the *Purgatorio* in a series of "Sunday readings" compiled and written for young people.

Among our new editions are the late Mr. Richard Hoblyn's *Dictionary of Terms used in Medicine*, revised by Dr. John A. P. Price (Whittaker & Co.); *The Caruleans*, by H. S. Cunningham (Macmillan & Co.); and the third monthly part of a reissue of Mr. G. D. Leslie's *Our River* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.)

We have also received the first volume of *The Hour-Glass*, an illustrated monthly magazine (Dawson); *Bagatelles*, by Lindus Meadows (Ridgway); *Where there's a Will there's a Way*, by Mrs. John Winter (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.); and the last month's issue of *La Science Sociale* (Paris: Firmin Didot).

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